

Collated  
Perfect  
160790

A  
CHAST MAYD  
¶  
CHEAPE-SIDE.

A  
Pleasant conceited Comedy  
neuer before printed.

As it hath beene often acted at the  
Swan on the Banke-side, by the  
Lady ELIZABETH her  
Servants.

*First Edition.*

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By THOMAS MIDDLETON Gent.

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LONDON,  
Printed for Francis Constable dwelling at the  
signe of the Crane in Pauls  
Church-yard.

1630.



## The Names of the principall Persons.

MR YELLOWHAMMER, *A Gold-Smit's.*

MAVDLINE, *His Wife.*

TIM, *Their Sonne.*

MOLL, *Their Daughter.*

TUTOR to TIM.

S<sup>r</sup> WALTER WHOREHOVND, *A Sutor to MOLL.*

S<sup>r</sup> OLIVER KIXE, and his Wife, *Kin to S<sup>r</sup> WALT.*

M<sup>r</sup> ALLWIT, and his Wife, *Whom S<sup>r</sup> WALT. keeps.*

WELCH GENTLEWOMAN, *S<sup>r</sup> WALT. Whore.*

WAT and NICKE, *His Bastards.*

DAVY DAHVMMA, *His Man.*

TUCHWOOD SENIOR, and his Wife, *A decayed Gentleman.*

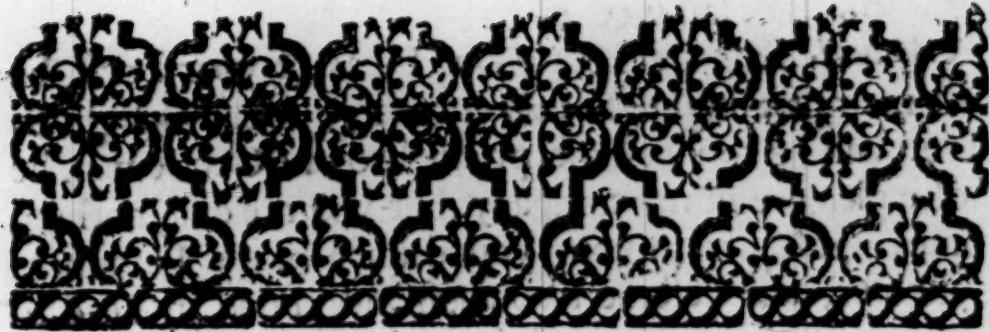
TUCHWOOD IVNIOR, *Another Sutor to MOLL.*

2 PROMOTERS.

SERVANTS.

WATERMEN.





# A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side.

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*Actus Primus.*

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*Enter Mandine and Moll, a Shop being discovered.*

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*Mandine.*

*Aue you playd ouer all your old Lessons o' the  
Virginals?*

*Moll. Yes.*

*Mandl. Yes, you are a dull Mayd alate,  
me thinkes you had need haue somewhat to  
quicken your Greene Sicknesse, doe you weepe ? A Hus-  
band. Had not such a peece of Flesh been ordayne, what  
had vs Wiues been good for ? To make Sallets, or else cryd  
up and downe for Sampier. To see the difference of these  
Seasons, when I was of your youth, I was lightsome, and  
quicke, two yeeres before I was married. You fit for a  
Knights bed, drowsie browd, dull eyed, drossie sprited,  
I hold my life you haue forgot your Dauncing: When  
was the Dauncer with you ?*

*3*

*Moll.*

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*Moll.* The last weeke.

*Maudl.* Last weeke, when I was of your bord, he mist me not a night, I was kept at it, I tooke delight to learne, and he to teach me, prittie browne Gentleman, he tooke pleasure in my company, but you are dull, nothing comes nimblly from you, you daunce like a Plummers Daughter, and deserue two thousand pound in Lead to your marriage, and not in Gold-Smithes Ware.

*Enter Yellom-hammar.*

*Yell.* Now what's the din betwixt Mother and Daughter, ha?

*Maudl.* Faith small, telling your Daughter *Mary* of her Errors.

*Yell.* Errors, nay the Citie cannot hold you Wife, but you must needs fetch words from Westminster, I ha done I faith, has no Atturneys Clarke beene here a late, and changed his Halfe-Crowne-pece his Mother sent him, or rather cozend you with a gilded Two-pence, to bring the word in fashion, for her faults or crackes, in dutie and obedience, terme em eue so sweet Wife. As there is no Woman made without a Flaw, your purest Lawnes haue Frayes, and Cambrickes Brackes.

*Maudl.* But 'tis a Husband sowers vp all Crackes.

*Moll.* What is he come Sir?

*Yell.* *S<sup>r</sup> Walters* come.

He was met at Holbourne Bridge, and in his company, a proper faire young Gentlewoman, which I gueffe by her red Hayre, and other ranke descriptions, to be his landed Neece, brought out of Wales, which *Tim* our Sonne (the Cambridge Boy) must marry. 'Tis a match of *S<sup>r</sup> Walters* owne making to bind vs to him, and our Heires for euer.

*Maudl.* We are honord then, if this Baggage would be humble, and kisse him with deuotion when he enters. I cannot get her for my life

to

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to instruct her Hand thus, before and after,  
which a Knight will looke for, before and after.  
I haue told her still, 'tis the wauing of a Woman  
dose often moue a Man, and preuailes strongly.  
But sweet, ha you sent to Cambridge,  
(has *Tim* word an't?)

*Tell.* Had word iust the day after when you sent him the  
Siluer Spoone to eat his Broath in the Hall, amongst the  
Gentlemen Commoners.

*Maudl.* O 'twas timely.

Enter Porter.

*Tell.* How now?

*Port.* A Letter from a Gentleman in Cambridge.

*Tell.* O one of *Hobsons* Porters, thou art well-come.  
I told thee *Maud* we should heare from *Tim*. *Amanissi-  
mis charissimisq; ambobus parentibus patri & matris.*

*Maudl.* What's the matter?

*Tell.* Nay by my troth, I know not, aske not me,  
he's growne too verball, this Learning is a great Witch.

*Maud.* Pray let me see it, I was wont to vnderstand him.  
*Amanissimus charissimus*, he has sent the Carryers Man  
he sayes: *ambobus parentibus*, for a paire of Boots :  
*patri & matris*, pay the Porter, or it makes no matter.

*Port.* Yes by my faith Mistris, there's no true constru-  
ction in that, I haue tooke a great deale of paines, and come  
from the Bell sweating. Let me come to te, for I was a  
Schollar forty yeers ago, 'tis thus I warrant you : *Matris*, it  
makes no matter : *ambobus parentibus*, for a paire of Boots :  
*patri*, pay the Porter : *amanissimis charissimis*, he's the Car-  
ryers Man, and his name is *Sims*, and there he sayes true,  
forsooth my name is *Sims* indeed, I haue not forgot all my  
learning. A Money matter, I thought I should hit on't.

*Tell.* Goe thou art an old Fox, ther's a Tester for thee.

*Port.* If I see your Worship at Goose Faire, I haue a  
Dish of Birds for you.

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*Yell.* Why dost dwell at Bow?

*Port.* All my life time Sir I could never say No, to a  
Goose. Farewell to your Worship. *Exit Porter.*

*Yell.* A merry Porter.

*Maudl.* How can he choose but be so, comming with  
Cambridge Letters from our Sonne *Tua*?

*Yell.* What's here, *maximum diligo*, Faith I must to my  
learned Counsell with this geere, 'twill never be discernd  
else.

*Maudl.* Goe to my Cousen then, at Innes of Court.

*Yell.* Fye they are all for French, they speake ne Latine.

*Maudl.* The Parson then will doe it.

*Enter a Gentleman with a Chayne.*

*Yell.* Nay he disclaims it, calles Latine Papistry, he will  
not deale with it. What ist you lacke Gentleman?

*Gent.* Pray weigh this Chayne.

*Enter Sir Walter Wharehound, Welsh Gentlewoman,  
and Dasy Dahanna.*

*S.Walt.* Now Wench thou art well-come to the Heart  
of the Citie of London.

*W.Gent.* Dugat a whee.

*S.Walt.* You can thanke me in English if you list.

*W.Gent.* I can Sir simply.

*S.Walt.* 'Twill serue to passe Wench, 'twas strange that  
I should lye with thee so often, to leaue thee without En-  
glish, that were vnnaturall, I bring thee vp to turne thee  
into Gold Wench, and make thy fortune shine like your  
bright Trade, a Gold-Smithes Shop sets out a Citie Mayd.

*Dasy Dahanna,* not a word.

*Dasy.* Mum, mum Sir.

*S.Walt.* Here you must passe for a pure Virgine.

*Dasy.* Pure Welch Virgine, she lost her Maydenhead in  
Brekenocke-Shire.

*S.Walt.*

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S.Walt. I heare you mumble Davy.

Dav. I haue Teeth Sir, I need not mumble yet this forty  
yeeres.

S.Walt. The Knaue bites plaguely.

Tell. What's your price Sir?

Gent. A hundred pound Sir.

Tell. A hundred markes the vtmost, 'tis not for me else.

What S<sup>r</sup> Walter Whorebound?

Moll. O Death.

Exit Moll.

Maud. Why Daughter.

Faith the Baggage

a basifull Girle Sir, these young things are thamefast,  
besides you haue a presence sweet S<sup>r</sup> Walter,  
able to haue a Mayd brought vp i' the Citie,

Enter Mary.

A braue Court Spirit makes our Virgines quiver,  
and kisse with trembling Thighes. Yet see she comes Sir.

S.Walt. Why how now prettie Mistris, now I haue  
caught you. What can you iniure so your time to strey thus  
from your faithfull Seruant.

Tell. Pish, stop your words good Knight, 'twill make  
her blush else, which wound to high for the Daughters of  
the Freedome, honor, and faithfull Seruant, they are com-  
plements for the Worthy's of Whitehall, or Greenwitch,  
eene plaine, sufficient, subsidy words serues vs Sir. And is  
this Gentlewoman your worthy Neece?

S.Walt. You may be bold with her on these termes, 'tis  
she Sir, Heire to some nineteene Mountaines.

Tell. Bieke vs all, you overwhelme me Sir with loue  
and riches.

S.Walt. And all as high as Pauls.

Dav. Here's worke I faith.

S.Walt. How sayest thou Davy?

Dav. Higher Sir by farre, you cannot see the top of  
'em.

Tell. What Man? *Maud* salutte this Gentlewoman,  
our Daughter if things hit right.

Enter Tuckwood Innior.

T.I. My Knight with a brace of Footmen,  
is come and brought vp his Ewe Mutton,  
to find a Ram at London, I must hasten it,  
or else picke a Famine, her Bloods mine,  
and that's the surest. Well Knight, that choysc spoy  
is onely kept for me.

Moll. Sir?

T.I. Turne not to me till thou mayst lawfully, it but  
whets my stomacke, which is too sharpe set already. Read  
that note carefully, keepe me from suspition still, nor know  
my zeale but in thy Heart: read and send but thy liking in  
three words, I'le be at hand to take it.

Yell. O turne Sir, turne.

A poore plaine Boy, an Vniuersitic Man,  
proceeds next Lent to a Batcheler of Art,  
he will be call'd S<sup>r</sup> Yellowhammer then  
ouer all Cambridge, and that's halfe a Knight.

Maudl. Please you draw neere, and tast the well-come  
of the Citie Sir?

Yell. Come good S<sup>r</sup> Walter, and your vertuous Neece  
here.

S.Walt. 'Tis manners to take kindnessse.

Yell. Lead 'em in Wife.

S.Walt. Your company Sir.

Yell. I'le giue't you instantly.

T.I. How strangely busie is the Diuell and riches,  
Poore Soule kept in too hard, her Mothers Eye,  
is cruell toward her, being to him,  
'twere a good mirth now to set him a worke  
to make her wedding Ring. I must about it.  
Rather then the gaine should fall to a Stranger,  
'twas honestie in me to enrich my Father.

Yell. The Girle is wondrous peuisish, I feare nothing,  
but that she's taken with some other loue,

then

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then all's quite dasht, that must be narrowly lookt to,  
we cannot be too wary in our Children. What ist you lack?

T.I. O nothing now, all that I wish is present.  
I would haue a wedding Ring made for a Gentlewoman,  
with all speed that may be.

Tell. Of what weight Sir?

T.I. Of some halfe ounce,  
stand faire and comely, with the Sparke of a Diamond.  
Sir 'twere pittie to lose the least grace.

Tell. Pray let's see it, indeed Sir 'tis a pure one.

T.I. So is the Mistris.

Tell. Haue you the widenesse of her Finger Sir?

T.I. Yes sure I thinke I haue her measure about me,  
good faith 'tis downe, I cannot shew't you,  
I must pull too many things out to be certaine.  
Let me see, long, and slender, and neatly ioynted,  
Just such another Gentlewoman that's your Daughter Sir.

Tell. And therefore Sir no Gentlewoman.

T.I. I protest I never saw two Maids handed more alike  
I'le nere seeke farther, if you'le gine me leaue Sir.

Tell. If you dare venture by her Finger Sir.

T.I. I, and I'le bide all losse Sir.

Tell. Say you so Sir, let's see hether Girle.

T.I. Shall I make bold with your finger Gentlewoman?

Moll. Your pleasure Sir.

T.I. That fits her to a haire Sir.

Tell. What's your Posie now Sir?

T.I. Massie that's true, Posie I faith eene thus Sir.

Loue that's wise, blinds Parents Eyes.

Tell. How, how, If I may speake without offence Sir,  
I hold my life. T.I. What Sir?

Tell. Goe too, you'le pardon me?

T.I. Pardon you? PSir.

Tell. Will you I faith?

T.I. Yes faith I will. (you?)

Tell. You'le stealeaway some Mans Daughter, am I nere.  
Doe you turne aside? You Gentlemen are mad Wags, I  
wonder.

wonder things can be so warily carried,  
and Parents blinded so, but they're serv'd right  
that haue two Eyes, and were so dull a sight.

T.I. Thy doome take hold of thee.

Tell. To morrow noone shall shew your Ring well done.

T.I. Being so 'tis soone, thankes, and year leue sweet  
Gentlewoman. Exit.

Moll. Sir you are well-come.

O were I made of wishes, I went with thee.

Tell. Come now we'll see how the rules goe within.

Moll. That robs my Joy, there I loose all I win. Exit.

Enter Dany and All-mis severally.

Dan. Honestie wash my Eyes, I haue spy'd a Witall.

All. What *Dany Dabanno*, well-come from North  
I faieb, and is S<sup>t</sup> Walter come? (Wales)

Dan. New-come to Towne Sir.

All. Into the Mayds sweet *Dany*, and giae order his  
Chamber be made ready instantly, my Wife's as great as  
she can wallow *Dany*, and longs for nothing but pickled  
Ceucombers, and his comming, and now shic shall ha'e  
Boy.

Dan. She's sure of them Sir.

All. Thy verie sight will hold my Wife in pleasure,  
till the Knight come himselfe. Go in, in, in *Dany*. Exit.

The Founders come to Towne, I am like a Man  
finding a Table furnish't to his hand,  
as mine is still to me, prayes for the Founder,  
bless the right Worshipfull, the good Founders life.  
I thanke him, h'as maintain'd my House this ten yeeres,  
not onely keepes my Wife, but a-keepes me,  
and all my Family, I am at his Table,  
he gets me all my Children, and payes the Nurse,  
monthly, or weekly, puts me to nothing,  
rent, nor Church duties, not so much as the Scavenger,  
the happiest state that ever Man was borne to.

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I walke out in a morning, come to break-e-fast,  
Find excellent Cheere, a good Fier in Winter,  
Looke in my Coale-houle about Midfounmer-eue,  
That's full, fwe or fise Chaldorne, new layd vp,  
Looke in my backe yead, I shall find a steeple  
Made vp with Kentish Fagots, which o're-lookes  
The Water-House and the Wind-milles, I say nothing  
But smile, and pin the doore, when she lyes in,  
As now she's euen vpon the point of grunting,  
A Lady lyes not in like her, there's her imbossings,  
Embrodrings, spanglings, and I know not what,  
As if she lay with all the gaudy Shops  
In *Gressams* Bursse about her, then her restoratiues,  
Able to set vp a young Pothecarie,  
And richly stocke, the Foreman of a Drug-shop.  
Her Sugar by whole Loaues, her Wines by Rundlets.  
I see these things, but like a happy Man,  
I pay for none at all, yet Fooles think's mine,  
I haue the name, and in his Gold I shine.  
And where some Merchants would in Soule kisse Hell,  
To buy a Paradice for their Wives, and dye  
Their Conscience in the Bloods of prodigall Heires,  
To decke their Night-peecce, yet all this being done,  
Eaten with iealousie to the inmost Bone,  
As what affliction Nature more constraines,  
Then feed the Wife plump, for anothers veynes.  
These torments stand I freed of, I am as cleere  
From iealousie of a Wife, as from the charge.  
O two miraculous blessings, 'tis the Knight  
Hath tooke that labour, all out of my hands,  
I may sit still and play, he's iealouse for me,  
Watches her steps, sets spyes, I liue at ease,  
He has both the cost and torment, when the strings  
Of his Heart freats, I feed, laugh, or sing,  
*La dildo, dildo la dildo, la dildo dildo de dildo.*

C

*Enter*

Enter two Servants.

1 What has he got a singing in his Head now ?  
 2 Now's out of worke he falles to making *Dildo's*.  
*All.* Now Sirs, *S<sup>r</sup> Walter's* come.  
 1 Is our Master come ?  
*All.* Your Master, what am I ?  
 1 Doe not you know Sir ?  
*All.* Pray am not I your Master ?  
 1 O you are but our Mistress's Husband.

Enter *Sir Walter, and Dany*.

*All.* Ergo Knaue, your Master.  
 1 *Negatur argumentum.* Here comes *S<sup>r</sup> Walter*, now a stands bare as well as we, make the most of him he's but one peepe aboue a Seruicingman, and so much his Hornes make him.  
*S.Walt.* How doft *Jacke* ?  
*All.* Proud of your Worships health Sir.  
*S.Walt.* How does your Wife ?  
*All.* Eene after your owne making Sir,  
 She's a tumbler a faith, the Nose and Belly meets.  
*S.Walt.* The'le part in time againe.  
*All.* At the good houre, they will and please your wor-  
 ship.  
*S.Walt.* Here Sirra, pull off my Boots. Put on, but on  
*Jacke*.  
*All.* I thanke your kind worship Sir.  
*S.Walt.* Slippers, Heart you are sleepy.  
*All.* The game begins already.  
*S.Walt.* Pish, put on *Jacke*.  
*All.* Now I must doe it, or he'le be as angry now, as if I had put it on at first bidding, 'tis but obseruing, 'tis but obseruing a Mans humour once, and he may ha' him by the Nose all his life.

*S.Walt.*

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*S.Walt.* What entertainment has layne open here,  
No strangers in my absence?

*I Serv.* Sure Sir not any.

*All.* His icleousie begins, am not I happy now  
That can laugh inward whil'st his Marrow melts?

*S.Walt.* How doe you satisfie me?

*I Ser.* Good Sir be patient.

*S.Walt.* For two months absence I'le be satisfied.

*I Ser.* No liuing Creature entred.

*S.Walt.* Entred, come sweare.

*I Ser.* You will not heare me out Sir.

*S.Walt.* Yes I'le heare't out Sir.

*I Serv.* Sir he can tell himselfe.

*S.Walt.* Heart he can tell,  
Doe you thinke I'le trust him? As a Vsurer  
With forfeited Lordships. Him, ô monstorous iniury!  
Beleeue him, can the Diuell speake ill of Darkenesse?  
What can you say Sir?

*All.* Of my soule and conscience Sir, she's a Wife as  
honest of her Body to me, as any Lords proud Lady can  
be.

*S.Walt.* Yet by your leaue, I heard you were once offring  
to goe to bed to her.

*All.* No I protest Sir.

*S.Walt.* Heart if you doe, you shall take all, I'le marry.

*All.* O I beseech you Sir,

*S.Walt.* That wakes the Slaue, and keepes his Flesh in  
awe.

*All.* I'le stop that gap  
Where e're I find it open, I haue poysoned  
His hopes in marriage already,  
Some old rich Widdowes, and some landed Virgines,

*Enter two Children.*

And I'le fall to worke still before I'le lose him,  
He's yet too sweet to part from.

1 Boy. God-den Father.

All. Ha Villaine, peace.

2 Boy. God-den Father.

All. Peace Bastard, ~~should he haue em~~. ~~These~~ are two foolish Children, they ~~doe~~ not know the Gentleman that sits there.

S.Walt. Oh ~~Wat~~, how doſt *Nick*? Go to Schoole,  
Ply your Bookes Boyes, ha?

All. Where's your Legges Whoreſons? They ſhould kneele indeed if they could ſay their Prayers.

S.Walt. Let me ſee, ſtay,  
How ſhall I diſpoſe of theſe two Brats now  
When I am maried, for they muſt not mingle  
Amongſt my Children that I get in Wedlocke,  
Twill make foule worke that, and rayſe many ſtormes.  
I'le bind ~~Wat~~ Prentice to a Goldſmith, my Father *Yellowh.*  
As fit as can be. *Nick* with ſome Vintner, good, Goldſmith  
And Vintner, there will be Wine in Boles I faith.

Enter Allwits Wife.

Wife. Sweet Knight  
Welcome, I haue all my longings now in Towne,  
Now well-coune the good houre.

S.Walt. How cheeres my Miftris?

Wife. Made lightsome, eene by him that made me heauy.

S.Walt. Me thinkes ſhe ſhewes gallantly, like a Moone  
at full Sir.

All. True, and if ſhe beare a Male child, there's the Man  
in the Moone Sir.

S.Walt. 'Tis but the Boy in the Moone yet Goodman  
Calfe.

All. There was a Man, the Boy had neuer beene there  
elſe.

S.Walt. It ſhall be yours Sir.

All. No by my troth, I'le ſweare it's none of mine, let  
him that got it keepe it, thus doe I rid my ſelfe of feare,  
Lye soft, ſleepe hard, drinke Wine, and eat good cheere.

*Actus*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Tuckwood Senior, and his Wife.

Wife. 'Twill be so tedious Sir to liue from you,  
But that necessitie must be obeyed.

T.S. I would it might not Wife, the tediousnesse  
Will be the ~~most~~ part mine, that vnderstand  
The blessings I haue in thee, so to part  
That driues the torment to a knowing Heart,  
But as thou say'st, we must giue way to need  
And liue awhile asunder, our desires  
Are both too fruitfull for our barren fortunes.  
How aduers runs the desteny of some Creatures,  
Some onely can get riches and no Children,  
We onely can get Children and no riches,  
Then 'tis the prudents part to checke our willes,  
And till our state rise, make our Bloods lye still.  
'Life euerie yeere a Child, and some yeeres two,  
Besides, drinkings abroad, that's never reckon'd,  
This geere will not hold out.

(House.

Wife. Sir for a time, I'le take the curtesie of my Vnkles  
If you be pleas'd to like on't, till prosperitie  
Looke with a friendly Eye vpon our states.

T.S. Honest Wife I thanke thee, I ne're knew  
The perfect treasure thou brought'st with thee more  
Then at this instant minute. A Man's happy  
When he's at poorest that has matcht his Soule  
As rightly as his Body. Had I married  
A sensuall Foole now, as 'tis hard to scape it  
'Mongst Gentlewomen of our time, she would ha' hang'd  
About my Neck e, and never left her hold  
Till she had kist me into wanton businesse,  
Which at the waking of my better judgement

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I should haue curst most bitterly,  
And layd a thicker vngance on my act  
Then miserie of the Birth, which were enough  
If it were borne to greatnesse, whereas mine  
Is sure of beggerie, though it were got in Wine.  
Fulnesse of Ioy sheweth the goodnesse in thee,  
Thou art a matchlesse Wife, Farwell my Ioy.

*Wife.* I shall not want your sight?

*T.S.* I'le see thee often,  
Talke in mirth, and play at kisses with thee,  
Any thing Wench but what may beget Beggers,  
There I giue o're the Set, throw downe the Cards,  
And dare not take them vp.

*Wife.* Your will be mine Sir.

*Exit.*

*T.S.* This does not onely make her honestie perfect,  
But her discretion, and approves her Iudgement.  
Had her desire beene wanton, they'd beene blamelesse  
In being lawfull euer, but of all Creatures  
I hold that Wife a most vnmatched treasure,  
That can vnto her fortunes fixe her pleasure,  
And not vnto her Blood, this is like wedlocke,  
The feast of marriage is not Lust but Loue,  
And care of the estate, when I please Blood,  
Meerely I sing, and sucke out others, then  
'Tis many a wisemans fault, but of all Men  
I am the most vnfornatue in that game  
That euer pleas'd both Genders, I ne're play'd yet  
Vnder a Bastard, the poore Wench cursie me  
To the Pit where e're I come, they were ne're serued so,  
But vs'd to haue more wordes then one to a bargaine,  
I haue such a fatall Finger in such businesse  
I must forth with't, chiefly for Countrey Wenchies,  
For euerie Haruest I shall hinder Hay-making,

*Enter a Wench with a Child.*

I had no lesse then seuen lay in last Progresse,  
Within threeweekes of one anothers time.

*Wench*

Wench. O Snaphance, haue I found you.

T.S. How Snaphance?

Wench. Doe you see your workmanship,  
Nay turne not from it, nor offer to escape, for if you doe,  
I'le cry it through the Streets, and follow you.  
Your name may well be called *Tuckwood*, a Pox on you,  
You doe but touch and take, thou hast vndone me,  
I was a Mayd before, I can bring a Certificate for it,  
From both the Church-Wardens.

T.S. I'le haue the Parsons Hand too, or I'le not yeeld  
to't.

Wench. Thou shalt haue more thou Villaine, nothing  
grieues me, but *Ellen* my poore cousen in Darbishiere, thou  
haest crack't her marriage quite, she'le haue a bout with  
thee.

T.S. Faith when she will I'le haue a bout with her.

Wench. A Law bout Sir I meane.

T.S. True, Lawyers vse such bouts as other Men doe,  
And if that be all thy grieve, I'le tender her a Husband,  
I keepe of purpose two or three Gulls in pickle  
To eat such Mutten with, and she shall chuse one.  
Doe but in courtesie faith Wench excuse me,  
Of this halfe yeard of Flesh, in which I thinke it wants  
A Nayle or two.

Wench. No, thou shalt find Villaine  
It hath right shape, and all the Nayles it should haue.

T.S. Faith I am poore, doe a charitable deed Wench,  
I am a younger Brother, and haue nothing.

Wench. Nothing, thou hast too much thou lying villaine  
Vnlesse thou wert more thankefull.

T.S. I haue no dwelling,  
I brake vp House but this morning, Pray thee pittie me,  
I am a good Fellow, faith haue beene to& kind  
To people of your Gender, if I ha'te  
Without my Belly, none of your Sexte shall want it,  
That word has beene of force to moue a Woman.  
There's strickes enough to rid thy Hand on't Wench.

Some

Some rich-mans Porch, to morrow before day,  
Or else anone i'the euening, twentie deuises,  
Here's all I haue, I faith, take purse and all,  
And would I were rid of all the Ware & the Shop so.

Wench. Where I find manly dealings I am pitifull,  
This shall not trouble you.

T.S. And I protest Wench, the next I'le keepe my selfe.

Wench. Soft, let it be got first.

This is the fith, if e're I venture more (Exit.  
Where I now goe for a Mayd, may I ride for a Whore.

T.S. what shifte shal make now with this peece of flesh  
In this strict tyme of Lent, I cannot imagine,  
Flesh dare not peepe abroad now, I haue knowne  
This Citie now aboue this seuen yeers,  
But I protest in better stafe of gouernement,  
I never knew it yet, nor euer heard of,  
There has beene more religious wholesome Lawes  
In the halfe cirkle of a yeere erected  
For common good, then memorie euer knew of,

*Enter Sir Oliver Kix, and his Lady.*

Setting apart corruption of Promoters,  
And other poysorous Officers that infect  
And with a venomous breath taint euerie goodnesse.

Lady. O that e're I was begot, or bred, or borne.

*S.OI.* Be content sweet Wife.

T.S. What's here to do now?

I hold my life she's in deepe passion  
For the imprisonment of Veale and Mutton  
Now kept in Gaetes, weepes for some Calues Head new,  
Me thinkes her Husbands Head might serue with Bacon.

Enter Tuckwood Junior.

Lady Hesk, and his widow, his daughter, Mrs.

S. Oliver

S.Ol. Patience sweet Wife.]

T.I. Brother I haue sought you strangely.

T.S. Why what's the businesse?

T.I. With all speed thou canst procure a Licence for  
me.

T.S. How, a Licence?

T.I. Cuds-foot she's lost else, I shall misse her euer.

T.S. Nay sure thou shalt not misse so faire a marke,  
For thirteene shillings fourre pence.

T.I. Thankes by hundreds.

Exit.

S.Ol. Nay pray thee cease, I'le be at more cost yet,  
Thou know'ft we are rich enough.

Lady. All but in blessings,  
And there the Begger goes beyond vs. O, ô, ô,  
To be seuen yeeres a Wife and not a Child, ô nota Child.

S.Ol. Sweet Wife haue patience.

Lady. Can any Woman haue a greater cut?

S.Ol. I know 'tis great, but what of that Wife?  
I cannot doe with all, there's things making  
By thine owne Doctors aduice at Poticaries,  
I spare for nothing Wife, no if the price  
Were fortie markes a spoone-full,  
I'de give a thousand pound to purchase fruitfulness,  
'Tis but bating so many good workes  
In the erecting of Bridewels and Spittle-houses,  
And so fetch it vp againe, for hauing none  
I meane to make good deeds my Children.

Lady. Give me but those good deeds, and I'le find  
Children.

S.Ol. Hang thee, thou haft had too many.

Lady. Thou ly'ft bretuitie.

S.Ol. O horrible, dar'ft thou call me bretuitie?  
Dar'ft thou be so short with me?

Lady. Thou deseruest worse.

Thinke but vpon the goodly Lands and Liuings  
That's kept backe through want on't.

S.Ol. Talke not on't pray thee,

D

Thou'lt

Thou'lt make me play the Woman, and weepe too.

*Lady.* 'Tis our dry barrenesse puffes vp *Sr. Walter*,  
None gets by your not-getting, but that Knight,  
He's made by th' meanes, and tates his fortunes, shortly  
In a great Dowry with a Gold-Smiths Daughter.

*S.OI.* They may be all deceiu'd,  
Be but you patient Wife.

*Lady.* I haue suffred a long time.

*S.OI.* Suffer thy Heart out, a Poxe suffer thee.

*Lady.* Nay thee, thou desertlesse Slaue.

*S.OI.* Come, come, I ha' done,  
You'le to the Gossiping of *M<sup>r</sup> Allwits* Child?

*Lady.* Yes, to my much ioy,  
Euerie one gets before me, there's my Sister  
Was married but at Bartholmew-eeue last,  
And she can haue two Children at a birth,  
O one of them, one of them would ha' seru'd my turne.

*S.OI.* Sorrow consume thee, thou art still crossing me,  
And know'st my nature.

*Enter a Mayd.*

*Mayd.* O Mistris, weeping or rayling,  
That's our House harmony.

*Lady.* What say'st *Ingg*?

*Mayd.* The sweetest newes.

*Lady.* What ist Wench?

*Mayd.* Throw downe your Doctors Drugges,  
They're all but Heretikes, I bring certaine remedy  
That has beene taught, and proued, and neuer fayl'd.

*S.OI.* O that, that, that or nothing.

*Mayd.* There's a Gentleman,  
I haply haue his Name too, that has got  
Nine Children by one Water that he vseth,  
It neuer misles, they come so fast vpon him,  
He was faine to give it ouer.

*Lady.* His name sweet *Ingg*?

*Mayd.*

*A Chaste Mayd in Cheape-side.*

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*Mayd.* One M<sup>r</sup> Tuckwood, a fine Gentleman,  
But run behind-hand much with getting Children.

*S.Ol.* Is't possible?

*Mayd.* Why Sir, he'lle vndertake,  
Vsing that Water, within fifteene yeere,  
For all your wealth, to make you a poore Man,  
You shall so swarne with Children.

*S.Ol.* I'le venture that I faith.

*Lady.* That shall you Husband.

*Mayd.* But I must tell you first, he's very deere.

*S.Ol.* No matter, what serues wealth for?

*Lady.* True sweet Husband,  
There's Land to come, Put case his Water stands me  
In some fife hundred pound a pint,  
'Twill fetch a thousand, and a Kersken Soule.  
I'le about it.  
And that's worth all sweet Husband.

*Exit.*

*Enter All-wit.*

*All.* I'le goe bid Gossips presently my selfe,  
That's all the worke I'le doe, nor need I stirre,  
But that it is my pleasure to walke forth  
And ayre my selfe a little, I am ty'd to nothing  
In this businesse, what I doe is merely recreation,  
Not constraint.  
Here's running to and fro, Nurse vpon Nurse,  
Three Chare women, besides maids & neighbors children.  
Fye, what a trouble haue I rid my Hands on,  
It makes me sweat to thinke on't.

*Enter Sir Walter Whorhound.*

*S.Walt.* How now Jacke?

*All.* I am going to bid Gossips for your W<sup>r</sup>s child Sir,  
A goodly Girle I faith, giue you ioy on her,  
She looks as if she had two thousand pound to her portion

D 2

And

Enter Dry Nurse.

And ran away with a Taylor, A fine plump black e'd slut,  
Vader correction Sir,  
I take delight to see her : Nurse.

Nurse Doe you call Sir?

Exit.

All. I call not you, I call the Wet Nurse hither,

Enter Wet Nurse.

Giue me the wet Nurse, I 'tis thou,  
Come hither, come hither,  
Lets see her once againe; I cannot chuse  
But busse her thrice an hower.

Nurse You may be proud on't Sir,  
'Tis the best peece of worke that e're you did.

All. Think'ſt thou ſo Nurse, What ſayeft to Wat and  
Nicke?

Nurse They're pretie children both, but here's a wench  
Will be a knocker.

All. Pup ſayſt thou me ſo, pup little Counteſſe,  
Faith Sir I thanke your Worſhip for this Girle,  
Ten thouſand times, and vpward.

S.Walt. I am glad I haue her for you Sir.

All. Here take her in Nurse, wipe her, and giue her  
Spoone-meat.

Nurse Wipe your Moath Sir.

Exit

All. And now about theſe Goffips.

S.Walt. Get but two, I'le ſtand for one my ſelfe.

All. To your owne Child Sir?

S.Walt. The better pollicie, it preuents ſuſpition,  
'Tis good to play with rumor at all weapons.

All. Troth I commend your care Sir, 'tis a thing  
That I ſhould ne're haue thought on.

S.Walt. The more Slave,  
When Man turnes base, out goes his Soules pure flame,  
The fat of eafe o're-throwes the eyes of shame.

All this

## A Chaste Mayd in Cheape-side.

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All. I am studying who to get for God-another  
Suitable to your Worship, Now I ha' thought on't.

S.Walt. I'd ease you of that care, and please my selfe in't.  
My Loue the Goldsmithes Daughter, if I send,  
Her Father will command her, *Dany Daburoma*.

Enter *Dany*.

All. I'le fit your Worship then with a Male Partner.

S.Walt. What is he?

All. A kind proper Gentleman, Brother to M<sup>r</sup> Tuch-  
wood.

S.Walt. I know Tuchwood, has he a Brother liuing?

All. A neat Batcheler.

S.Walt. Now we know him, we'le make shift with him  
Dispatch the time drawes neere, Come hither *Dany*. Exit

All. In troth I pittie him, he ne're stands still,  
Poore Knight what paines he takes, sends this way one,  
That way another, has not an houres leasure,  
I would not haue thy toyle, for all thy pleasure,

Enter two Promoters.

Ha, how now, what are these that stand so close  
At the Street-corner, pricking vp their Eares,  
And snuifing vp their Noses, like rich-mens Dogges  
When the first Course goes in? By the masse Promoters,  
'Tis so I hold my life, and planted there  
To arrest the dead Corps of poore Calues and Sheepe,  
Like rauenous Creditors, that will not suffer  
The Bodyes of their poore departed Debtors  
To goe to th' graue, but eene in Death to vex  
And stay the Corps, with Billes of Middlesex,  
This Lent will fat the whoresons vp with Sweetbreads,  
And lard their whores with Lambe-stones, what their gols  
Can clutch, goes presently to their *Mols and Dols*,  
The Bawds will be so fat with what they earne,

D 3

Their

Their Chins will hang like Vdders, by Easter-eeue,  
 And being stroak't, will giue the Milke of Witches,  
 How did the Mungrels heare my wife lyes in?  
 Well, I may baffle 'em gallantly, By your fauour Gentlemen  
 I am a stranger both vnto the Citie,  
 And to her carnall stricktnesse.

1 Prom. Good, Your will Sir?

All. Pray tell me where one dwells that kils this Lent.

1 Prom. How kils? Come hither *Dicke*,  
 A Bird, a Bird.

2 Prom. What ist that you would haue?

All. Faith any Flesh,  
 But I long especially for Veale and Greene-sauce.

1 Prom. Greene-Goose, you shall be sau'st.

All. I haue halfe a scornefull stomacke, no Fish will be  
 admitted.

1 Prom. Not this Lent Sir?

All. Lent, what cares Colon here for Lent?

1 Prom. You say well Sir,  
 Good reason that the Colon of a Gentleman  
 As you were lately pleas'd to terme your worship Sir,  
 Should be fulfill'd with answerable food,  
 To sharpen Blood, delight Health, and tickle Nature,  
 Were you directed hither to this Street Sir?

All. That I was, I marry.

2 Prom. And the Butcher belike  
 Should kill, and sell close in some vpper Roonie?

All. Some Apple-loft as I take it, or a Cole-house,  
 I know not which I faith.

2 Prom. Either will serue,  
 This Butcher shall kiffe Newgate, lesse he surne vp the  
 Bottome of the Pocket of his Apron,  
 You goe to seeke him?

All. Where you shall not find him,  
 I'le buy, walke by your Noses with my Flesh,  
 Sheepe-biting Mungrels, Hand-basket Free-booters,  
 My Wife lyes in, a footra for Promoters. Exit

1 Promoter

1 Prom. That shall not serue your turn, what a Rogue's this, how cunningly he came ouer vs?

Enter a Man with Meat in a Basket.

2 Prom. Husht, stand close.

Man I haue scap't well thus farre, they say the Knaues are wondrous hot and busie.

1 Prom. By your leaue Sir,  
We must see what you haue vnder your Cloake there.

Man Haue? I haue nothing.

1 Prom. No, doe you tell vs that, what makes this lunge sticke out then, we must see Sir.

Man What will you see Sir, a paire of Sheets, and two of my Wiues foule Smocks, going to the Washers?

2 Prom. O we loue that fight well, you cannot please vs better: What doe you gull vs, call you these Shirts and Smockes?

Man Now a Poxe choake you,  
You haue cozend me and fise of my Wiues kinred  
Of a good Dianer, we must make it vp now  
With Herrings and Milke-potage.

Exit

1 Prom. 'Tis all Veale.

2 Prom. All Veale, Poxe the worse lucke, I promis'd faithfully to send this morning a fat quarter of Lambe, to a kind Gentlewoman in Turnebull street that longs, and how I me crost.

1 Prom. Let's share this, and see what hap comes next then.

Enter another with a Basket.

2 Prom. Agreed, stand close againe, another boetic,  
What's he?

1 Prom. Sir, by your fauour.

Man Meaning me Sir?

1 Prom. Good M<sup>r</sup> Oliver, cry thec mercie, I faith.

What

## 24. A Chaste Mayd in Cheape-side.

What hast thou there?

Man. A Rake of Mutton Sir, and halfe a Lambe,  
You know my Mistrisses dyet.

1 Prom. Goe, goe, we see thee not, away, keepe close,  
Heart let him passe, thou'l never haue the wit  
To know our benefactors.

2 Prom. I haue forgot him.

1 Prom. Tis M. Beggerland's man the wealthy Merchant  
That is in fee with vs.

2 Prom. Now I haue a feeling of him.

1 Prom. You know he purchaſt the whole Lent together  
Gauſ ten groats a peece on Ash-wensday.

2 Prom. True, true.

Enter a Wench with a Basket, and a Child in it  
under a Loyne of Mutton.

1 Prom. A Wench.

2 Prom. Why then stand close indeed.

Wench. Women had need of wit, if they'l shift here,  
And she that hath wit, may shift any-where.

1 Prom. Looke, looke, poore Foole,  
She has left the Rump vncouer'd too,  
More to betray her, this is like a Murdrer,  
That will out-face the deed with a bloody Band.

2 Prom. What time of the yeere is't Sister?

Wench. O sweet Gentlemen, I am a poore Seruant,  
Let me goe.

1 Prom. You shall Wench, but this must stay with vs.

Wench. O you vndoe me Sir,  
'Tis for a welthy Gentlewoman that takes Physicke Sir,  
The Doctor do's allow my Mistris Mutton,  
O as you tender the deere life of a Gentlewoman,  
I'le bring my Master to you, he shall shew you  
A true anthonitie from the higher powers,  
And I'le run euerie foot.

2 Prom. Well, leaue your Basket then,

And

And run and spare not.

Wench. Will you sweare then to me,  
To keepe it till I come.

1 Prom. Now by this light I will.

Wench. What say you Gentleman?

2 Prom. What a strange Wench 'tis?

Would we might perishe else.

Wench. Nay then I run Sir.

Exit

1 Prom. And ne're returne I hope.

2 Prom. A politike Baggage,  
She makes vs sweare to keepe it,  
I prethe looke what market she hath made.

1 Prom. Imprimis Sir, a good fat Loyne of Mutton,  
What comes next vnder this Cloath?

Now for a quarter of Lambe.

2 Prom. Not for a Shoulder of Mutton.

1 Prom. Done.

2 Prom. Why done Sir.

1 Prom. By the masse I feele I haue lost,  
'Tis of more weight I faith.

2 Prom. Some Loyne of Veale?

1 Prom. No faith, here's a Lambes Head,  
I feele that plainly, why yet win my wager.

2 Prom. Ha?

1 Prom. Swounds what's here?

2 Prom. A Child.

1 Prom. A Poxe of all dissembling cunning Whores.

2 Prom. Here's an vnlucky Breakfast.

1 Prom. What shal's doe?

2 Prom. The Queane made vs sweare to keepe it too.

1 Prom. We might leave it else.

2 Prom. Villanous strange,

'Life had she none to gull, but poore Prometers,  
That watch hard for a liuing.

1 Prom. Halfe our gettings must run in Suger-sope,  
And Nurses wages now, besides many a pound of Sope,  
And Tallow, we haue need to get Loynes of Mutton still,

E

To

To saue Suet to change for Candles.

2 Prom. Nothing mads me, but this was a Lambe head  
with you, you felt it, she has made Calues heads of vs.

1 Prom. Prethe no more on't,  
There's time to get it vp, it is not come  
To Mid-Lent Sunday yet.

2 Prom. I am so angry, I'le watch no more to day.

1 Prom. Faith nor I neither.

2 Prom. Why then I'le make a motion.

1 Prom. Well, what ist?

2 Prom. Let's e'ne goe to the Checker at Queene-hiue  
and rost the Loyne of Mutton, till young Flood, then send  
the Child to Branford.

Enter Allwit in one of Sir Walters Sutes, and Dauy  
trussing him.

All. 'Tis a busie day at our House Dauy.

Dauy Alwayes the Kurfning day Sir.

All. Trusse, trusse me Dauy:

Dauy No matter and you were hang'd Sir.

All. How do's this Sute fit me Dauy?

Dauy Excellent nearely, my Masters things were euer fit  
for you Sir, e'ne to a Haire you know.

All. Thou hast hit it right Dauy,  
We euer iumpt in one, this ten yeeres Dauy,

Enter a Servant with a Box.

So well said, what art thou?

Serv. Your Comfit-makers Man Sir.

All. O sweet youth, into the Nurse quicke,  
Quicke, 'tis time I faith,  
Your Mistris will be here?

Serv. She was setting forth Sir.

Enter

Enter two Puritans.

All. Here comes our Gossips now, O I shall haue such  
killing worke to day, Sweet Mistris Underman welcome  
I faith.

1 Pur. Give you ioy of your fine Girle Sir,  
Grant that her education may be pure,  
And become one of the faithfull.

All. Thankes to your Sisterly wishes M<sup>r</sup> Underman.

2 Pur. Are any of the Brethrens Wives yet come?

All. There are some Wives within, and some at  
home.

1 Pur. Verily thankes Sir.

Exit

All. Verily you are an Asse forsooth,  
I must fit all these times, or there's no Musicke,

Enter two Gossips.

Here comes a friendly and familiar payer,  
Now I like these Wenchess well.

1 Goff. How do'st sirra?

All. Faith well I thanke you Neighbor, and how do'st  
thou?

2 Goff. Want nothing, but such getting Sir as thine.

All. My gettings wench, they are poore.

1 Goff. Eye that thou'l say so,  
Th'ast as fine Children as a Man can get.

Dany. I as a Man can get,  
And that's my Master.

All. They are pretie foolish things,  
Put to making in minutes,  
I ne're stand long about 'em,  
Will you walke in Wenchess?

Enter Tuckwood Junior, and Moll.

T.I. The hapiest meeting that our soules could wish for  
Here's the Ring ready, I am beholding vnto your Fathers  
hast, h'as kept his howre.

Moll. He neuer kept it better.

Enter Sir Walter Whorebound.

T.I. Backe, be silent.

S.Walt. Mistris and Partner, I will put you both into  
one Cup.

Davy Into one Cup, most proper,  
A fitting complement for a Gold-smiths Daughter.

All. Yes Sir, that's he must be your Worships Partner  
In this dayes businesse, M<sup>r</sup> Tuckwoods Brother.

S.Walt. I embrace your acquaintance Sir.

T.I. It vowes your seruice Sir.

S.Walt. It's neere high time, come M<sup>r</sup> All-wit.

All. Ready Sir.

S.Walt. Wil't please you walke?

T.I. Sir I obey your time.

Exit.

Enter Midwife with the Child, and the Gossips to the  
Kursing.

1. Goff. Good M<sup>rs</sup> Yellowhammer.

Maudl. In faith I will not.

1. Goff. Indeed it shal be yours.

Maudl. I haue sworne I faith.

1. Goff. I'le stand still then.

Maudl. So will you let the Child goe without company  
And make me forsworne.

2. Goff. You are such another Creature.

3. Goff. Before me, I pray come downe a little.

3. Goff. Not a whit, I hope I know my place.

2. Goff.

*A Chaste Mayd in Cheape-side.* 29

3 *Goff.* Your place, great wonder sure, are you any better  
then a Comfit-makers wife.

3 *Goff.* And that's as good at all times as a Pothicaries.

2 *Goff.* Ye lye, yet I forbear you too.

1 *Pur.* Come sweet Sister, we goe in vnitie, and shew  
the fruits of peace like Children of the Spirit.

2 *Pur.* I loue lowlinesse.

4 *Goff.* True, so say I, though they striue more,  
There comes as proud behind, as goes before.

5 *Goff.* Euerie inch I faith.

*Exit*

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*Actus Tertius.*

---

*Enter Tuchwood Iunior, and a Parson.*

*T.I.* O Sir, if euer you felt the force of loue, pittie it  
in me.

*Par.* Yes, though I ne're was married Sir,  
I haue felt the force of loue from good mens daughters,  
And somethat will be Mayds yet three yeceres hence.  
Haue you got a Licence?

*T.I.* Here 'tis ready Sir.

*Par.* That's well.

*T.I.* The Ring and all things perfect, she'lle steale hither.

*Par.* She shall be welcome Sir, I'lle not be long  
A clapping you together.

*Enter Moll, and Tuchwood Senior.*

*T.I.* O here she's come Sir.

*Par.* What's he?

*T.I.* My honest Brother.

*T.S.* Quicke, make haft Sirs.

*Moll.* You must dispatch with all the speed you can,  
For I shall be smit straight, I made hard shifte

30 *A Chaste Mayd in Cheape-fide.*

For this small time I haue.

*Par.* Then I'le not linger,  
Place that Ring vpon her Finger,  
This the Finger playes the part,  
Whose master Veine shoots from the Heart,  
Now ioyne Hands.

*Enter Yellow-bawmer, and Sir Walter.*

*Yell.* Which I will seuer,  
And so ne're againe meet neuer.

*Moll.* O we are betray'd.

*T.I.* Hard fate.

*S.Walt.* I am strucke with wonder.

*Yell.* Was this the politike fetch, thou misticall baggage  
Thou disobedient strumpet,

And were so wise to send for her to such an end,

*S.Walt.* Now I disclaime the end, you'le make me mad.

*Yell.* And what are you Sir?

*T.I.* And you cannot see with those two Glasses, put on  
a paire more.

*Yell.* I dreamp't of anger still, here take your Ring Sir,  
Ha this, life 'tis the i. inc, abominable,  
Did not I sell this Ring?

*T.I.* I thinke you did, you receiued money for't.

*Yell.* Heart, harke you Knight,  
Here's no inconsionable villany,  
Set me aworke to make the Wedding Ring,  
And come with an intent to steale my Daughter,  
Did euer run-a-way match it?

*S.Walt.* 'Tis your Brother Sir?

*T.S.* He can tell that as well as I.

*Yell.* The verie Poesie mockes me to my face,  
Loue that's wise, blinds Parents eyes,  
I thank'e your wisedome Sir for blinding of vs,  
We haue good hope to recover our fight shortly,  
In the meane time I will locke vp this baggage.

*A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side.*

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As carefullly as my Gold, she shall see as little Sunne  
If a close Roome or so can keepe her from the light on't.

*Moll.* O sweet Father, for Lones sake pittie me.

*Yell.* Away.

*Moll.* Farewell Sir, all content blesse thee,  
And take this for comfort,  
Though violence keepe me, thou canst loose me neuer,  
I am euer thine although we part for euer.

*Yell.* I we shall part you Minkes.

*Exit*

*S.Walt.* Your acquaintance Sir, came verie lately,  
Yet it came too soone,  
I must here-after know you for no friend,  
But one that I must shun like Pestilence,  
Or the Disease of Lust.

*T.I.* Like enough Sir, you ha' tane me at the worst time  
for words that e're ye pick't out, faith doe not wrong me  
Sir.

*Exit*

*T.S.* Looke after him and spare not, there he walkes  
That neuer yet receiued baffling, you'r blest  
More then e're I knew, goe take your rest.

*Exit*

*S.Walt.* I pardon you, you are both loosers.

*Exit*

*A Bed thrust out upon the Stage, Alhrits Wife in it,  
Enter all the Gossips.*

*1 Goff.* How ist Woman, we haue brought you home  
A Kursen Soule.

*Wife.* I, I thanke your paines.

*Pur.* And verily well kursend, i'the right way,  
Without Idolatry or Superstition,  
After the pure manner of Amsterdam.

*Wife.* Sit downe good Neighbours, Nurse.

*Nurse* At hand forsooth.

*Wife.* Looke they haue all low stooles

*Nurse* They haue forsooth.

*2 Goff.* Bring the Child hither Nurse, how say you now  
Gossip, ist not a chopping Girle, so like the Father?

3 Gossip

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3 *Goff.* As if it had beeene spit out of his Mouth,  
Ey'd, nos'd, and brow'd as like a Girle can be,  
Onely indeed it has the Mothers Mouth.

2 *Goff.* The Mothers Mouth vp and downe, vp and  
downe.

3 *Goff.* 'Tis a large Child, she's but a little Woman.

*Wife.* No beleeue me, a verie spynie Creature, but all hart,  
Well metteld, like the faithfull to endure  
Her tribulation here, and rayse vp seed.

2 *Goff.* She had a sore labour on't I warrant you, you can  
tell Neighbour.

3 *Goff.* O she had great speed,  
We were afayrd once,  
But she made vs all haue ioyfull hearts againe,  
'Tis a good Soule I faith,  
The Midwife found her a most cheerefull Daughter.

*Wife.* 'Tis the spirit, the Sisters are all like her,

*Enter Sir Walter with two Spoones and Place  
and Allwise.*

2 *Goff.* O here comes the chiefe Gossip Neighbours.

*S. Wals.* The fatnesse of your wishes to you all Ladyes.

3 *Goff.* O deer sweet gentleman, what fine words he has  
The fatnesse of our wishes.

2 *Goff.* Calles vs all Ladyes.

4 *Goff.* I promise you a fine Gentleman, and a courteous.

2 *Goff.* Me thinkes her Husband shewes like a Clowne  
to him.

3 *Goff.* I would not care what Clowne my Husband  
were too, so I had such fine Children.

2 *Goff.* She's all fine Children Gossip.

3 *Goff.* I, and see how fast they come.

*Wife.* Children are blessings, if they be got with zealo,  
By the Brethren, as I haue fine at home.

*S. Wals.* The worste is past, I hope now Gossip.

*Wife.* So I hope to good Sir.

*Allwise*

All. Why then so hope I too for company,  
I haue nothing to deelde.

S.Wals. A poore remembraunce Lady,  
To the lone of the Babe, I pray accept of it.

Wife O you are at too much charge Sir.

2 Goss. Looke, looke, what has he giuen her, what ist  
Gossip?

3 Goss. Now by my faith a faire high standing Cup, and  
two great Postle Spoones, one of them gilt.

1 Pur. Sure that was *Indas* then with the red Beard.

2 Pur. I would not feed my daughter with that spoone  
for all the World, for feare of colouring her Heyre, Red  
Hayre the Brethren like not, it consumes them much, 'tis  
not the Sisters colour.

Enter Nurse with Comfits and Wine.

All. Well said Nurse,  
About, about with them amongst the Gossips,  
Now out comes all the tasseled Handkerchers,  
They are spred abroad between their Knees already,  
Now in goes the long Fingers that are wash't  
Some thrice a day in Vrin, my Wife vses it,  
Now we shall haue such pocketing,  
See how they lurch at the lower end.

Pur. Come hither Nurse.

All. Againe, she has taken twice already.

Pur. I had forgot a Sisters Child that's sicke.

All. A Pox it seemes your purity loues sweet things well  
that puts in thrice together, had this beene all my cost now  
I had beene beggerd, these Women haue no conciences at  
sweet meats, where e're they come, see and they haue not  
culd out all the long Plumbes too, they haue left nothing  
here but short riggle-tayle-Comfits, not worth mouthing,  
no mar'le I heard a Citizen complaiane once, that his Wives  
Belly onely broke his Backe: Mine had beene all in fitters  
seuen yeeres since, but for this worthy Knight, that with a

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prop vpholds my Wife and me, and all my estate buried in Bucklers-berrie.

*Wife.* Here M<sup>r</sup>is *Yellowhammer*, and Neighbours,  
To you all that haue taken paines with me,  
All the good Wiues at once.

*Pur.* I'le answer for them,  
They wish all health and strength,  
And that you may couragiouly goe forward,  
To performe the like and many tuch,  
Like a true Sister with Motherly bearing.

*All.* Now the cups strole about to wet the gossips whistles  
It poures downe I faith, they neuer thinke of payment.

*Pur.* Fill againe Nurse.

*All.* Now blesse thee, two at once, I'le stay no longer,  
It would kill me and if I pay'd for't,  
Will it please you to walke downe and leaue the women.

*S.Walt.* With all my Heart Iacke.

*All.* Troth I cannot blame you.

*S.Walt.* Sit you all merry Ladyes.

*All Goff.* Thanke your Worship Sir.

*Pur.* Thanke your Worship Sir.

*All.* A Pox twice tipple ye, you are last & lowest. *Exit*

*Pur.* Bring hither that same Cup Nurse, I would faine  
drive away this hup Antichristian grieve.

*3 Goff.* See Gossip and she lyes not in like a Countesse,  
Would I had such a Husband for my Daughter.

*4 Goff.* Is not she toward marriage?

*3 Goff.* O no sweet Gossip.

*4 Goff.* Why she's nineteene?

*3 Goff.* I that she was last Lammas,  
But she has a fault Gossip, a secret fault.

*4 Goff.* A fault, what ist?

*3 Goff.* I'le tell you when I haue drunke.

*4 Goff.* Wine can doe that I see, that friendship cannot.

*3 Goff.* And now I'le tell you Gossip, she's too free.

*4 Goff.* To free?

*3 Goff.* O I, she cannot lyedry in her Bed.

*4 Goffip*

4 Goff. What, and nineteene?

3 Goff. 'Tis as I tell you Gossip.

Maudl. Speake with me Nurse, who ist?

Nurse A Gentleman from Cambridge,  
I thinke it be your Sonne forsooth.

Maudl. 'Tis my Sonne Tim I faith,  
Prethe call him vp among the Women,  
'Twill imboden him well,  
For he wants nothing but audacitie,  
'Would the Welch gentlewoman at home were here now.

Lady Is your Sonne come forsooth?

Maudl. Yes from the Vniuersitie forsooth.

Lady 'Tis great joy on yee.

Maudl. There's a great marriage towards for him.

Lady A marriage?

Maudl. Yes sure, a hughe Heire in Wales,  
At least to nineteene Mountaines,  
Besides her Goods and Cattell.

Enter Tim.

Tim. O, I me betray'd.

Exit

Maudl. What gone againe, run after him good Nurse,  
He's so bashfull, that's the spoyle of youth,  
In the Vniuersitie they're kept still to Men,  
And ne're trayn'd vp to Womens company.

Lady 'Tis a great spoyle of youth indeed.

Enter Nurse and Tim.

Nurse Your Mother will hane it so.

Maudl. Why Sonne, why Tim,  
What must I rise and fetch you? For shame Sonne.

Tim. Mother you doe intreat like a fresh Woman,  
'Tis against the Lawes of the Vniuersitie,  
For any that has answered vnder Batchelor  
To thrust 'mongst married Wiues.

*Maudl.* Come we're excuse you here.

*Tim.* Call vp my Tutor Mother, and I care not.

*Maudl.* What is your Tutor come, haue you brought him vp?

*Tim.* I ha' not brought him vp, he stands at dore,  
*Negatnr*, there's Logicke to begin with you Mother.

*Maud.* Run call the gentleman nurse, he's my sons tutor  
Here eat some Plumbes.

*Tim.* Come I from Cambridge, and offer me six plumbs?

*Maudl.* Why how now *Tim*,  
Will not your old trickes yet be left?

*Tim.* Seru'd like a Child,  
When I haue answer'd vnder Batcheler?

*Maudl.* You're neuer lin till I make your Tutor whip  
you, you know how I seru'd you once at the Free Schoole  
in Pauls Church-yeard?

*Tim.* O monstrous absurditie,  
Ne're was the like in Cambridge since my time,  
'Life whip a Batcheler, yow'l be laught at soundly,  
Let not my Tutor heare you,  
'Twould be a Iest through the whole Vniuersitie,  
No more words Mother.

*Enter Tutor.*

*Maudl.* Is this your Tutor *Tim*?

*Tut.* Yes surely Lady, I am the man that brought him  
in League with Logicke, and red the Dunces to him.

*Tim.* That did he Mother, but now I haue 'em all in my  
owne Pate, and can as well read 'em to others.

*Tut.* That can he Mistris, for they flow naturally from  
him.

*Maudl.* I'ane the more beholding to your paynes Sir.

*Tut.* *Non idcirco sicut.*

*Maudl.* True, he was an Ideot indeed,  
When he went out of London, but now he's well mended,  
Did you receive the two Goose-pies I sent you?

*Tutor*

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*Tur.* And eat them hartely, thankes to your Worshipp.

*Mandl.* 'Tis my Sonne *Tim*, I pray bid him welcome Gentlewomen.

*Tim.* Tim, harke you *Timothius* Mother, *Timothius*.

*Mandl.* How, shall I deny your Name? *Timothius* quoth he? Faith there's a name, 'tis my Sonne *Tim* forsooth.

*Lady* You're welcome M<sup>r</sup> *Tim*. *Kisse*

*Tim.* O this is horible, she wets as she kissets,  
Your Handkercher sweet Tutor, to wipe them off, as fast  
as they come on.

*2 Goff.* Welcome from Cambridge. *Kisse*

*Tim.* This is intollerable, This woman has a villanous  
sweet breath, did she not stinke of Comfits, Helpe me  
sweet Tutor, or I shall rub my Lips off.

*Tur.* I'le goe kisse the lower end the whil'st.

*Tim.* Perhaps that's the sweeter, and we shall dispatch  
the sooner.

*Pur.* Let me come next, Welcome from the Welspring  
of discipline, that waters all the Brethren. *Reels & fale*

*Tim.* Hoyst I beseech thee.

*3 Goff.* O blesse the Woman, M<sup>r</sup> *Underman*.

*Pur.* 'Tis but the common affliction of the faidfull,  
We must embrace our falles.

*Tim.* I'me glad I scap't it, it was some rotten kisse sure,  
It dropt downe before it came at me.

Enter *Altwin*, and *Davy*.

*All.* Here's a noyfe, not parted yet?  
Hyda, a Looking-glaſſe, they haue drunke so hard in Plate,  
That ſome of them had need of other Veffels,  
Yonder's the brauest Shew.

*All Goff.* Where? Where Sir?

*All.* Come along presently by the Piffing-conduit,  
With two braue Drums and a Standert-bearer.

*All Goff.* O Braue.

*Tim.* Come Tutor.

*Exit*

*All Goff.* Farwell sweet Gossip.

*Exit*

*Wife* I thanke you all for your paynes.

*Pnr.* Feed and grow strong.

*Exit*

*All.* You had more need to sleepe then eat,  
Goe take a nap with some of the Brethren, goe,  
And rise vp a well edified, boldified Sister,  
O here's a day of toyle well past o're,  
Able to make a Citizen Hare mad, ( Burns,  
How hot they haue made the Roome with their thicke  
Do'st not feele it *Davy*?

*Dav.* Monstrous strong Sir.

*All.* What's here vnder the Stooles?

*Dav.* Nothing but wet Sir, some Wine spilt here be-  
like.

*All.* Ist no worse think'st thou?

Faire Needle worke Stooles, cost nothing with them *Davy*

*Dav.* Nor you neither I faith.

*All.* Eooke how they haue layd them,  
Ee'ne as they lye themselues, with their Heeles vp,  
How they haue shuffled vp the Rushes too *Davy*  
With their short figgynge little shittle-corke-heels,  
These Women can let nothing stand as they find it,  
But what's the secret thou'st about to tell me

My honest *Davy*?

*Dav.* If you should disclose it Sir.

*All.* Life rip my Belly vp to the Throat then *Davy*.

*Dav.* My Master's vpon Marriage.

*All.* Marriage *Davy*, send me to hanging rather.

*Dav.* I haue stong him.

*All.* When, where, what is she *Davy*?

*Dav.* E'ne the same was Gossip, and gaue the Spoone.

*All.* I haue no time to stay, nor scarce can speake,  
I'le stop those wheeles, or all the worke will breake. *Exit*

*Dav.* I knew 'twold pricke, Thus doe I fashion still

All mine owne ends by him and his ranke toyle,

'Tis my desire to keepe him still from marriage,

Being

Being his poore neerest Kinsman, I may fare  
The better at his death, there my hopes build:  
Since my Lady *Kix* is dry, and hath no Child. Exit

*Enter both the Tuckwoods.*

*T.I.* Y'are in the happiest way to enrich your selfe,  
And pleasure me Brother, as Mans feet can tread in;  
For though she be lock't vp, her vow is fix't onely to me;  
Then time shall never grieue me, for by that vow,  
E'ne absent inioy her, assuredly confirm'd that none  
Else shall, which will make tedious yeeres seeme gamefull  
To me, In the meane space lose you no time sweet brother,  
You haue the meanes to strike at this Knights fortunes,  
And lay him leuell with his bankrout merit,  
Get but his Wife with Child, perch at tree top,  
And shake the golden fruit into her Lap,  
About it before sheweape her selfe to a dry ground;  
And whine out all her goodnessse.

*T.S.* Prethe cease, I find a too much aptness in my blood  
For such a busynesse without prouocation,  
You might well spar'd this basket of Oringoes,  
Hartechokes, Potatoes, and your butter'd Crabbe,  
They were fitter kept for your owne wedding dinner.

*T.I.* Nay and you'le follow my suit, & saue my purse too  
Fortune doats on me, he's in happy case  
Finds such an honest friend i'the Common place.

*T.S.* Life what makes thee so merry? thou haft no cause  
That I could heare of lately since thy crosses,  
Vnlesse there be newes come, with new additions.

*T.I.* Why there thou haft it right,  
I looke for her this Euening Brother.

*T.S.* How's that, looke for her?

*T.I.* I will deliuer you of the wonder streight Brother,  
By the firme secrecie, and kind assistance  
Of a good Wench i'the House, who made of pittie,  
Weighing the case her owne, she's lead through Cutters,

Strange

Strange hidden wayes, which none but Loue could find,  
Or ha'the Heart to venture, I expect her  
Where you would little thinke,

T.S. I care not where, so she be safe, and yours.

T.I. Hope telles me so,

But from your loue and time my peace must grow. *Enter*

T.S. You know the worst then brother, now to my *Kix*  
The barren he and she, they're i'the next Roome,  
But to say which of their two humors hold them  
Now at this instant, I cannot say truly.

S.OI. Thou lyest Barrenesse. *Kix to his Lady within.*

T.S. O ist that time of day, give you ioy of your tongue  
There's nothing else good in you, this their life  
The whole day from eyes open to eyes shut,  
Kissing or scolding, and then must be made friends,  
Then rayle the second part of the first fit out,  
And then be pleas'd againe, no Man knowes which way,  
Fall out like Giants, and fall in like Children,  
Their Fruit can witnesse as much.

*Enter Sir Oliver Kix, and his Lady.*

S.OI. 'Tis thy fault.

Lady. Mine, Drouth and coldnesse?

S.OI. Thine, 'tis thou art barren.

Lady. I barren, ó life that I durst but speake now,  
In mine owne Iustice, in mine owne Right, I barren,  
'Twas otherwayes with me when I was at Court,  
I was ne're call'd so till I was married.

S.OI. I'le be deuorc't.

Lady. Be hang'd, I need not wish it,  
That will come too soone to thee :  
I may say, Marriage and hanging goes by destiny,  
For all the goodnesse I can find in't yet.

S.OI. I'le giue vp House, & keepe some fruitfull whore,  
Like an old Batcheler in a Trademan's Chamber,  
She and her Children shall haue all.

Lady

Lady. Where be they?

T.S. Pray ceafe,

When there are friendlier courses tooke for you,  
To get and multiply within your House,  
At your owne proper costs in spight of censure,  
Me thinkes an honest peace might be establish't.

S.OI. What with her? Neuer.

T.S. Sweet Sir.

S.OI. You worke all in vaine.

Lady. Then he doth all like thee.

T.S. Let me intreat Sir.

S.OI. Singlenesse confound her,  
I tooke her with one Smocke.

Lady. But indeed you came not so single,  
When you came from Shipboard.

S.OI. Heart she bit sore there,  
Prethe make's friends.

T.S. Iſt come to that, the peale begins to caſte.

S.OI. I'le ſell all at an Out-cry.

Lady Doe thy worſt Slau'e,  
Good ſweet Sir bring vs into loue againe.

T.S. Some would think this imposſible to compaſſe,  
Pray let this ſtorme fly ouer.

S.OI. Good Sir pardon me, I'me Maſter of this Houſe,  
Which I'le ſell preſently, I'le clap vp Billes this Euening.

T.S. Lady friends come?

Lady If e're ye lou'd Woman, talke not on't Sir,  
what friends with him? good faith do you think I'me mad  
with one that's ſcarce the hinder quarter of a Man?

S.OI. Thou art nothing of a Woman.

Lady Would I were leſſe then nothing.

Weepes

S.OI. Nay prethe what doſt meane?

Lady I cannot please you.

S.OI. I faith thou art a good Soule, he lyes that ſayes it,  
Buffe, buffe, pretie Rogue.

Lady You care not for me.

T.S. Can any man tell now which way they came in?

By this light I'le be hang'd then.

*S.OI.* Is the Drinke come?

*T.S.* Here's a little Viall of Almond-milke *Aside*  
That stood me in some three pence.

*S.OI.* I hope to see thee wench within these few yeeres,  
Cirkled with Children, pranking vp a Girle,  
And putting Jewels in their little Eares,  
Fine sport I faith.

*Lady* I had you beene ought Husband,  
It had beene done ere this time.

*S.OI.* Had I bin ought, hang thee, had'ft thou bin ought,  
But a crosse thing I euer found thee.

*Lady* Thou art a Grub to say so.

*S.OI.* A Pox on thee.

*T.S.* By this light they are out againe at the same dore,  
And no Man can tell which way,  
Come here's your Drinke Sir.

*S.OI.* I will not take it now Sir,  
And I were sure to get three Boyes ere Midnight. (com'ft

*Lady* Why there thou shew'ft now of what breed thou  
To hinder generation, O thou Villaine,  
That knowes how crookedly the World goes with vs,  
For want of Heires, yet put by all good fortune.

*S.OI.* Hang strumpet, I will take it now in spight.

*T.S.* Then you must ride vpon't fiue houres.

*S.OI.* I meane so, Within there?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir?

*S.OI.* Saddle the white Mare,  
I'le take a Whore along, and ride to Ware.

*Lady* Ride to the Diuel.

*S.OI.* I'le plague you euerie way,  
Looke ye, doe you see, 'tis gone.

*Lady* A Pox goe with it.

*S.OI.* I curse and spare not now.

*Drinker*

*T.Senior*

T.S. Stirre vp and downe sir, you must not stand.

S.OI. Nay I'me not giuen to standing.

T.S. So much the better sir for the — —

S.OI. I never could stand long in one place yet,  
I learnt it of my Father, euer figient,  
How if I crost this Sir?

Capers

T.S. O passing good Sir, and would shew well a Horse-backe: When you come to your Inne, If you leapt ouer a loynt-stoole or two, 'twere not amisse although you brake your necke Sir.

Aside

S.OI. What say you to a Table thus high Sir?

T.S. Nothing better Sir, if it be furnished with good Victuals. You remember how the bargaine runs about this busynesse?

S.OI. Or else I had a bad Head: you must receiue Sir foure hundred pounds of me at foure seuerall payments: One hundred pound now in hand.

T.S. Right, that I haue Sir.

S.OI. Another hundred when my Wifes is quicke: the third when she's brought a bed: and the last hundred when the Child cryes, For if it should be still borne, it doth no good Sir.

T.S. All this is eu'en still, a little faster Sir.

S.OI. Not a whit Sir,  
I'me in an excellent pace for any Physicke,

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your white Mares ready.

S.OI. I shall vp presently: One kisse, and farewell.

Lady Thou shalt haue two Loue.

S.OI. Expect me about three.

Exit

Lady With all my Heart Swcer.

T.S. By this light they haue forgot their anger since,  
And are as farre in againe as e're they were,  
Which way the Diuell came they, Haart I saw 'em not,  
Their wayes are beyond finding out. Come sweet Lady.

G 2

Lady

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*Lady* How must I take mine Sir?

*T.S.* Cleane contrarie, yours must be taken lying.

*Lady* A Bed Sir?

*T.S.* A Bed, or where you will for your owne ease,  
Your Coach will serue.

*Lady* The Physicke must needs please.

*Exit*

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*Actus Quartus.*

---

*Enter Tim and Tutor.*

*Tim.* Negatur argumentum Tutor.

*Tut.* Prebo tibi Pupill, stultus non est animal rationale.

*Tim.* Fallaris sane.

*Tut.* Quaevis taceas, prebo tibi.

*Tim.* Quomodo probas domine.

*Tut.* Stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale.

*Tim.* Sic argumentaris domine, stultus non habet rationem,  
ergo non est animal rationale, negatur argumentum againe  
Tutor.

*Tut.* Argumentum iterum prebo tibi domine, qui non par-  
ticipat de ratione nullo modo potest vocari rationalibus, but  
stultus non participat de ratione, ergo stultus nullo modo potest  
dicere rationalis.

*Tim.* Participat.

*Tut.* Sic disputus, qui participat quomodo participat.

*Tim.* Ut homo, probabo tibi in filagismo.

*Tut.* Hunc proba.

*Tim.* Sic probo domine, stultus est homo sicut tu & ego sum,  
homo est animal rassionale, sicut stultus est animal rationale.

*Exit*

Enter Maudlin.

Maudl. Here's nothing but disputing all the day long with 'em.

Tut. *Sic disputus, studens est homo sicut tu & ego sum bomo est animal rationale, sicut studens est animal rationale.*

Maudl. Your reasons are both good what e're they be  
Pray give them or'e, faith you le tire your selues,  
What's the matter betweene you?

Tim. Nothing but reasoning about a Foole Mother.

Maudl. About a Foole Son, alas what need you trouble  
your heads about that, none of vs all but knowes what a  
Foole is.

Tim. Why what's a Foole Mother?  
I come to you now.

Maudl. Why one that's married before he has wit.

Tim. 'Tis prettie I faith, and well gaue of a Woman  
neuer brought vp at the Vniversitic: but bring forth what  
Foole you will Mother, I le proue him to be as reasonable  
a Creature, as my selfe or my Tutor here.

Maudl. Fye 'tis impossible.

Tut. Nay he shall do't forsooth.

Tim. 'Tis the easiest thing to proue a Foole by Logicke,  
By Logicke I le proue any thing.

Maudl. What thou wilt not do.

Tim. I le proue a Whore to be an honest Woman.

Maudl. Nay by my faith, she must proue that her selfe,  
or Logicke will neuer do't.

Tim. 'Twill do't I tell you.

Maudl. Some in this Street would give a thousand  
pounds that you could proue their Wives so.

Tim. Faith I can, and all their Daughters too, though  
they had three Bastards. When comes your Taylor hither?

Maudl. Why what of him?

Tim. By Logicke I le proue him to be a Man,  
Let him come when he will.

*Maudl.* How hard at first was Learning to him? Truly Sir I thought he would neuer a tooke the Latine Tongue. How many Accidences doe you thinke he wore out e're he came to his Grammer?

*Tut.* Some three or foure.

*Maudl.* Beleeue me Sir some foure and thirtie.

*Tim.* Pish I made haberdins of 'em in Church porches

*Maudl.* He was eight yeeres in his Grammer, and stucke horribly at a foolish place there call'd *Aſſe in preſenti*.

*Tim.* Pox I haue it here now.

*Maudl.* He ſo ſham'd me once before an honest Gentleman that knew me when I was a Mayd.

*Tim.* These women muſt haue all out.

*Maudl.* *Quid est Gramatica?* Sayes the Gentleman to him (I ſhall remember by a ſweet ſweet token) but nothing could he anſwer.

*Tut.* How now Pupill, ha, *Quid est Gramatica?*

*Tim.* *Gramatica?* Ha, ha, ha.

*Maudl.* Nay doe not laugh Sonne, but let me heare you ſay it now: There was one word went ſo prettily off the Gentleman's tongue, I ſhall remember it the longest day of my life.

*Tut.* Come, *Quid est Gramatica?*

*Tim.* Are you not aſham'd Tutor, *Gramatica?* Why *Recte ſcribendi ars, loquendi ars, ſeruere* of my Mo-ther.

*Maudl.* That was it I faith: Why now Sonne I ſee you are a deepe Scholler: And M<sup>r</sup> Tutor a word I pray, let vs with-draw a little into my Husbands Chamber, I'le ſend in the North-Wales Gentlewoman to him, ſhe lookeſ for wooing: I'le put together both, and locke the Dore.

*Tut.* I giue great approbation to your concluſion. *Exit*

*Tim.* I mar'le what this Gentlewoman ſhould be, That I ſhould haue in marriage, ſhe's a ſtranger to me: I wonder what my Parents meane I faith, To match me with a ſtranger ſo:

A Mayd that's neither kiffe nor kin to me:  
Life doe they thinke I haue no more care of my Body,  
Then to lye with one that I ne're knew,  
A meere stranger,  
One that ne're went to Schoole with me neither,  
Nor euer play-fellowes together,  
They're mightily o're-seene in't me thinkes,  
They say she has Mountaines to her marriage,  
She's full of Cattell, some two thousand Runts,  
Now what the meaning of these Runts should be,  
My Tutor cannot tell me,  
I haue look't in *Ridder's Dixcionarie* for the Letter *R*,  
And there I can heare no tydings of these Runts neither,  
Valesse they should be Rumford Hogges,  
I know them not,

Enter *W. G. Gentlewoman.*

And here she comes,  
If I know what to say to her now  
In the way of marriage, I'me no Graduate,  
Me thinkes I faith 'tis boldy done of her  
To come into my Chamber being but a stranger,  
She shall not say I'me so proud yet, but I'le speake to her,  
Marry as I will order it,  
She shall take no hold of my words I'le warrant her,  
She lookes and makes a coursey,  
*Salue tu quoq; puella pulcherrima,*  
*Quid vis nescio nec sane exro;*  
*Tully's owne phrase to a Hart.*

*W.G.* I know not what he meanes,  
A Sutor quoth a?  
I hold my life he vnderstands no Englisla.

*Tim.* *Ferter me hercule tu virgo,*  
*Wallia ut opibus abundis maximis.*

*W.G.* What's this *fertur* and *abundundis*?  
He mockes me sure, and calles me a bundle of Farts.

*Tim.*

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*Tim.* I haue no Latine word now for their Runts, I'le make some shift or other : *Itterum dico opibus abundat maximis montibus & fontibus & ut ita dicam Rontibus, atamen vero homunculus ego sum natura simile arte bachelarius lecto profecto non parata.*

*W.G.* This is most strange, may be he can speake Welch,  
*Auedera whee camrage, der dne cog foginis.*

*Tim.* *Cog foggin,* I scorne to cog with her, I'le tell her so too in a word neere her owne Language : *Ego non cogo.*

*W.G.* *Rhegofin a whiggin harter on corid ambre.*

*Tim.* By my faith she's a good scholler, I see that already She has the Tongues plaine, I hold my life she hastraueld, What will folkes say? There goes the learned couple, Faith if the truth were knowne, she hath proceeded.

*Enter Maudline.*

*Maudl.* How now, how speeds your businesse?

*Tim.* I'me glad my Mothers come to part vs.

*Maudl.* How doe you agree forsooth?

*W.G.* As well as e're we did before we met.

*Maudl.* How's that?

*W.G.* You put me to a Man I vnderstand not, Your Sonne's no English Man me thinkes.

*Maudl.* No English Man, blesse my Boy, And borne i'the Heart of London?

*W.G.* I ha' been long enough in the chamber with him, And I find neither Welch nor English in him.

*Maudl.* Why *Tim*, how haue you vs'd the Gentlewoman?

*Tim.* As well as a Man might doe Mother, in modest Latine.

*Maudl.* Latine Foole?

*Tim.* And she recyld in Hebrew.

*Maudl.* In Hebrew Foole? 'Tis Welch.

*Tim.* All comes to one Mother.

*Maudl.* She can speake English too.

*Tim*

*Tim.* Who tould me so much?  
Heart and she can speake English, I'le clap to her,  
I thought you'd marrie me to a stranger.

*Maudl.* You must forgiue him, he's so inur'd to Latin,  
He and his Tutor, that he hath quite forgot  
To vse the Protestant tongue.

*W.G.* 'Tis quickly pardon'd forsooth.

*Maudl.* Tim make amends and kisse her,  
He makes towards you forsooth.

*Tim.* O delicious, one may discouer her Countrey by her  
kissing, 'Tis a true saying, there's nothing tastt so sweett as  
your Welch Mutton: It was reported you could sing.

*Maudl.* O rarely Tim, the sweetest British Songs.

*Tim.* And 'tis my mind I sweare before I marrie,  
I would see all my Wives good parts at once,  
To view how rich I were.

*Maudl.* Thou shalt here sweet Musick Tim.  
Pray forsooth.

*Musick and Welch Song*

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THE SONG.

C V P I D I S V E N V S onely Joy,  
But he is a wanton Boy,  
A verie verie wanton Boy,  
He shooes at Ladys naked Breasts,  
He is the cause of most Mens Crests,  
I meane upon the Forehead,  
Inuisible but horrid,  
'Twas he first caught upon the way,  
To keepe a Ladys Lips in play.

Why should not V E N V S chide her Sonne,  
For the prankes that he hath done,  
The wanton prankes that he hath done?  
He shooes his Firie Darts so thicke,  
They hurt poore Ladys to the quiske,

Ah me, with cruel wounding,  
 His Darts are so confounding,  
 That life and sence would soone decay,  
 But that he keepes their Lips in play.

Can there be any part of blisse,  
 In a quickly fleeting kisse,  
 A quickly fleeting kisse,  
 To ones pleasure, pleasures are but waft,  
 The flowest kisse makes too much hast,  
 And loose it ere we find it,  
 The pleasing sport they onely know,  
 That close above and close below.

*Tim.* I would not change my wife for a Kingdome,  
 I can doe somewhat too in my owne Lodging.

Enter Yellow-hammer, and All-wit.

*Yell.* Why well sayd *Tim*, the Bels goe merrily,  
 I loue such peales alife, wife lead them in a while,  
 Here's a strange Gentleman desires priuate conference.  
 You'r welcome Sir, the more for your names sake.  
 Good M<sup>r</sup> *Yellowhammer*, I loue my name well,  
 And which a' the *Yellowhammers* take you descent from,  
 If I may be so bold with you, which I pray?

*All.* The *Yellowhammers* in Oxfordshiere,  
 Neere Abbington.

*Yell.* And those are the best *Yellowhammers*, and truest  
 bred: I came from thence my selfe, though now a Citizen:  
 I'le be bold with you, You are most welcome.

*All.* I hope the zeale I bring with me shall deserue it.

*Yell.* I hope no lesse, what is your will Sir?

*All.* I vnderstand by rumors, you haue a D<sup>r</sup> ugter,  
 Which my bold loue shall hence-forth title couzen.

*Yell.* I thanke you for her Sir.

*All.* I heard of her vertues, and other confirm'd graces.

*Yellowhammer*

Tell. A plaguy Girle Sir.

All. Fame sets her out with richer ornaments,  
Then you are pleas'd to boast of, 'Tis done modestly,  
I heare she's towards marriage.

Tell. You heare truth Sir.

All. And with a Knight in Towne, S<sup>r</sup> Walter Whore-bound.

Tell. The verie same Sir.

All. I am the sorrier for't.

Tell. The sorrier, Why cousen?

All. 'Tis not too farre past ist? It may be yet recal'd?

Tell. Recal'd, why good Sir?

All. Resolue me in that point ye shall heare from me.

Tell. There's no Contract past.

All. I am verie ioyfull Sir.

Tell. But he's the Man must bed her.

All. By no meanes cus, she's quite vndone then,  
And you le curse the time that e're you made the match,  
He's an arrant whoremaster, consumes his time and state,  
— whom in my knowledge he hath kept this 7 yeres,  
Nay cus, an other Mans Wife too.

Tell. O abominable!

All. Maintaines the whole house, apparelts the husband,  
Payes seruants wadges, not so much, but —

Tell. Worse and worse, & doth the husband know this?

All. Knowes? I and glad he may too, 'tis his liuing,  
As other Trades thriue, Butchers by selling Flesh,  
Poulters by venting Connies, or the like couss.

Tell. What an incomparable Witall's this?

All. Tush, what cares he for that?

Beleeue me couss, no more then I doe.

Tell. What a base Slaue is that?

All. All's one to him, he feeds and takes his easfe,  
Was ne're the Man that euer broake his sleepe,  
To get a Child yet by his owne confession,  
And yet his Wife has seuen.

Tell. What, by S<sup>r</sup> Walter?

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*All.* Sr Walter's like to keepe 'em, and maintaine 'em,  
In excellent fashyon, he dares doe no lesse Sir.

*Tell.* Life has he Children too?

*All.* Children? Boyes thus high,  
In their Cato and Cordelius.

*Tell.* What you iest Sir?

*All.* Why, one can make a Verse,  
And is now at Eaton Colledge.

*Tell.* O this newes has cut into my Heart couſ.

*All.* It had eaten neerer if it had not beene preuented.  
One *Allwit*'s Wife.

*Tell.* *Allwit*? Foot I haue heard of him,  
He had a Girle Kursned lately?

*All.* I that worke did cost the Knight aboue a hundred  
marke.

*Tell.* I'le marke him for a Knaue and Villaine for't,  
A thousand thankes and blessings, I haue done with him.

*All.* Ha,ha,ha, this Knight will sticke by my ribs still,  
I shall not loose him yet, no Wife will come,  
Where e're he woos, I find him still at home, Ha,ha, *Exit*

*Tell.* Well grant all this, say now his deeds are blacke,  
Pray what serues marriage, but to call him backe,

I haue kept a Whore my selfe, and had a Bastard,  
By *Mris Anne*, in *Anno*

I care not who knowes it, he's now a iolly fellow,  
H'as beene twice Warden, so may his fruit be,

They were but base begot, and so was he,

The Knight is rich, he shall be my Sonne-in-Law,  
No matter so the Whore he keepes be wholesome,

My Daughter takes no hurt then, so let them wed,  
I'le haue him sweat well e're they goe to Bed.

*Enter Maudline.*

*Maudl.* O Husband, Husband.

*Tell.* How now *Maudline*?

*Maudl.* We are all vndone, she's gone, she's gone.

*Yellowhammer*

Tell. Againe, Death which way?

Maudl. Ouer the Houses:

Lay the Water-side, she's gone for euer else.

Tell. O ventrous Baggage!

Exit

Enter Tim and Tutor.

Tim. Theeues, Theeues, my Sister's stolne,

Some Thief hath got her:

O how myraculously did my Fathers Plate scape,

Twas all left out Tutor.

Tut. Is't possible?

Tim. Besides three chaines of Pearle & a Box of Currall.

My Sister's gone, let's looke at Trig-staires for her,

My Mother's gone to lay the Common-staires,

At Puddle-wharfe, and at the Docke below,

Stands my poore silly Father, Run sweet Tutor, run. Exit

Enter both the Tuckwoods.

T.S. I had beene taken Brother by eight Sergeants,

But for the honest Watermen, I am bound to them,

They are the most reuouit people liuing;

For as they get their meanes by Gentlemen,

They are still the forwardest to helpe Gentlemen,

You heard how one scap't out of the Blacke-Fryers,

But a while since from two or three Varlets

Came into the Hous with all their Rapiers drawne,

As if they'd daunce the Sword-dance on the Stage,

With Candles in their Hands like Chandlers Ghosts,

Whil'st the poore Gentleman so pursued and banded,

Was by an honest paire of Oares safely landed.

T.I. I loue them with my Heart for't.

Enter three or four Watermen.

1 Your first Man Sir.

2 Shall I carrie you Gentlemen with a paire of Oares?

T.S. These be the honest Fellowes,  
Take one paire, and leaue the rest for her.

T.I. Barne-Elmes.

T.S. No more Brother.

1 Your first man.

2 Shall I carrie your Worship?

T.I. Goe, and you honest watermen that stay,  
Here's a French-crowne for you,  
There comes a Mayd with all speed to take water,  
Row her lustily to Barne-Elmes after me.

2 To Barne-Elmes, good Sir: make ready the boat *Sam*,  
We'll wait below. Exit

Enter *Moll*.

T.I. What made you stay so long?

*Moll*. I found the way more dangerous then I look't for.

T.I. Away quicke, there's a Boat waites for you,  
And I'll take water at Pauls-wharfe, and ouer-take you.

*Moll*. Good Sir doe, we cannot be too safe.

Enter *Sr Walter, Yellowhammer, Tim and Tutor*.

*S.Walt.* Life, call you this close keeping?

*Yell.* She was kept vnder a double locke.

*S.Walt.* A double Deuill.

*Tim.* That's a buffe Serieant Tutor, he'll ne're were out.

*Yell.* How would you haue Women lock't?

*Tim.* With Padlockes Father, the Venetian vses it,  
My Tutor reads it.

*S.Walt.* Heart, if she were so lock't vp, how got she out?

*Yell.* There was a little hole look't into the gutter,  
But who would haue dremp't of that?

*S.Walt.* A wiser Man would.

*Tim.* He sayes true Father, a wise man for loue will seeke  
euerie hole: my Tutor knowes it.

*Tut.* *Verum poeta dicit.*

*Tim.* *Dicit Virgilius Father.*

*Yellowhammer*

*A Chaste Mayd in Cheape-side.* 55

*Tell.* Prethee talke of thy Gills some-where else, she's play'd the Gill with me : where's your wise Mother now ?

*Tim.* Run mad I thinke, I thought she would haue drown'd her selfe, she would not stay for Oares, but tooke a Smelt-boat : sure I thinke she be gone a fishing for her.

*Tell.* She'll catch a goodly dish of Gudgeons now, Will serue vs all to Supper.

*Enter Mandline drawing Moll by the Hayre, and Watermen.*

*Maudl.* I'le tug thee home by the Hayre.

*Wat.* Good Mistris spare her.

*Maudl.* Tend your owne busynesse.

*Wat.* You are a cruell Mother.

*Exit.*

*Moll.* O my Heart dyes !

*Maudl.* I'le make thee an example for all the Neighbors Daughters.

*Moll.* Farwell life.

*Maudl.* You that haue trickes can counterfeit.

*Tell.* Hold, hold *Maudline*.

*Maud.* I haue brought your Iewell by the Hayre.

*Tell.* She's here Knight.

*S.Walt.* Forbeare or I'le grow worse.

*Tim.* Looke on her Tutor, she hath brought her from the Water like a Mermayd, she's but halfe my Sister now, as farre as the Flesh goes, the rest may be sold to Fishwives.

*Maudl.* Desembling cunning baggage.

*Tell.* Impudent Strumpet.

*S.Walt.* Either giue ouer both, or I'le giue ouer:

Why haue you vsde me thus vnkind Mistris ?

Wherein haue I deserued ?

*Tell.* You talke too fondly Sir, we'le take another course and preuent all, we might haue don't long since, we'le loose no time now, nor trust to't any longer, to morrow morne as early as Sunne rise we'le haue you ioyn'd.

*Moll.*

*Moll.* O bring me Death to night, Loue pittyng Fates,  
Let me not see to morrow vp vpon the World.

*Yell.* Are you content Sir, till then she shall be watch't?

*Maudl.* Baggage you shall.

*Exit*

*Tim.* Why Father, my Tutor and I will both watch in  
Armour.

*Tut.* How shall we doe for Weapons?

*Tim.* Take you no care for that, if need be I can send for  
conquering mettall Tutor, ne're lost day yet, 'tis but at  
Westminster, I am acquainted with him that keepes the  
Monuments, I can borrow *Harry* the Fifth's Sword, 'twill  
serue vs both to watch with.

*Exit*

*S.Walt.* I neuer was so neere my wish, as this chance  
Makes me, ere to morrow noone,  
I shall receiue two thousand pound in Gold,  
And a sweet Mayden-head  
Worth fourtie.

Enter *Tuckwood Junior* with a *Waterman*.

*T.I.* O thy newes splits me.

*Wat.* Halfe drown'd, she cruelly tug'd her by the Hayre,  
Forc't her disgracefully, not like a Mother.

*T.I.* Enough, leaue me like my Ioyes, *Exit Wat.*  
Sir saw you not a wretched Mayd passe this way?  
Heart Villaine, is it thou?

*Both draw*

*S.Walt.* Yes Slaue, 'tis I.

*and fight*

*T.I.* I must breake through thee then, there is no stop  
That checkes my Tongue, and all my hopefull fortunes,  
That Breast excepted, and I must haue way.

*S.Walt.* Sir I beleue 'twill hold your life in play.

*T.I.* Sir you'l gaine the Heart in my Breſt at firſt?

*S.Walt.* There is no dealing then, thinke on the Dowrie  
for two thouſand pounds.

*T.I.* O now 'tis quit Sir.

*S.Walt.* And being of even hand, I'le play no lenger.

*T.I.* No longer Slaue?

*S.Walt.*

S.Walt. I haue certaine things to think on,  
Before I dare goe further.

T.I. But one bout? I'le follow thee to death, but ha't out.

Exit

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Actus Quintus.

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Enter Allmit, his Wife, and Dany Dahumma.

Wife. A miserie of a House.

All. What shall become of vs?

Dany I thinke his wound be mortall.

All. Think'ſt thou ſo Dany?

Then am I mortall too, but a dead Man Dany,

This is no world for me, when'e he goes,

I muſt e'ne truſſe vp all, and after him Dany,

A Sheet with two knots, and away.

Enter Sir Walter led in boord.

Dany O ſee Sir,  
How faint he goes, two of my Fellowes lead him.

Wife O me!

All. Hyday, my wife's layd downe too, here's like to be  
A good House kept, when we are altogether downe,  
Take paynes with her good Dany, choere her vp there,  
Let me come to his Worſhip, let me come.

S.Walt. Touch me not Villaine, my wound aches at thee,  
Thou poſon to my Heart.

All. He raues already,  
His ſences are quite gone, he knowes me not,  
Looke vp an't like your Worſhip, heauie thoſe Eyes,  
Call me to mind, is your remembrance loſt? Looke in my face, who am I like your Worſhip?

*S.Walt.* If any thing be worse then Slave or Villaine,  
Thou art the Man.

*All.* Alas his poore Worships weakenesse,  
He will begin to know me by little and little.

*Walt.* No Diuell can be like thee.

*All.* Ah poore Gentleman,  
Me thinkes the paine that thou endurest.

*S.Walt.* Thou know'st me to be wicked for thy basenesse  
Kept the Eyes open still on all my sinnes,  
None knew the deere account my soule stood charg'd with  
So well as thou, yet like Hels flattering Angel,  
Would'st never tell me an't, let'st me goe on,  
And ioyne with Death in sleepe, that if I had not wak't  
Now by chance, eu'en by a strangers pittie,  
I had euerlastingly slept out all hope  
Of grace and mercie.

*All.* Now he is worse and worse,  
Wife, to him wife, thou wast wont to doe good on him.

*Wife* How ist with you Sir?

*S.Walt.* Not as with you,  
Thou loathsome strumpet: some good pittyng Man  
Remoue my sinnes out of my sight a little,  
I tremble to behold her, she keepes backe  
All comfort while she stayes, is this a time,  
Unconscionable Woman, to see thee,  
Art thou so cruel to the peace of Man,  
Nor to giue libertie now, the Diuell himselfe  
Shewes a farre fairer reverence and respect  
To goodnessse then thy selfe, he dares not doe this,  
But part in time of penitence, hides his Face,  
When Man withdrawes from him, he leaues the place,  
Hast thou lesse manners, and more impudence,  
Then thy instructer, prethee shew thy modestie,  
If the least graine be left, and get thee from me,  
Thou should'st be rather lock't many Roomes hence,  
From the poort miserable sight of me,  
If either loue or grace had part in thee.

*Wife*

*Wife* He is lost for euer.

*All.* Run sweet *Dany* quickly,  
And fetch the Children hither, sight of them,  
Will make him cheerefull straight.

*S.Walt.* O Death! Is this  
A place for you to weepe? What teares are those?  
Get you away with them, I shall fare the worse,  
As long as they are a weeping, they worke against me,  
There's nothing but thy appetite in that sorrow,  
Thou weep'st for Lust, I feele it in the slacknesse  
Of comforts comming towards me,  
I was well till thou began'st to vndoe me,  
This shewes like the fruitlesse sorrow of a carelesse mother  
That brings her Sonne with dalliance to the Gallowes,  
And then stands by, and weepes to see him suffer.

*Enter Dany with the Children.*

*Dany* There are the children Sir, an't like your worship,  
Your last fine Girle, in troth she smiles,  
Looke, looke, in faith Sir. ( Face

*S.Walt.* O my vengeance, let me for euer hide my cursed  
From sight of those that darkens all my hopes,  
And stands betweene me and the sight of Heauen,  
Who sees me now, ho to and those so neere me,  
May rightly say, I am o're-growne with sinne,  
O how my offences wrastle with my repentance,  
It hath scarce breath,  
Still my adulterous guilt houers aloft,  
And with her blacke Wings beats downe all my prayers.  
Ere they be halfe way vp, what's he knowes now,  
How long I haue to live? ô what comes then,  
My taſt growes bitter, the round World, all Gall now,  
Her pleasing pleasures now hath poyſon'd me,  
Which I exchang'd my Soule for,  
Make way a hundred ſighes at once for me.

*All.* Speake to him *Nicke*.

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*Nicke* I dare not, I am afraid.

*All.* Tell him he hurts his wounds *war*, with making moane.

*S.Walt.* Wretched, death of seauen.

*All.* Come let's be talking somewhat to keepe him aliue  
Ah sira *Wat*, and did my Lord bestow that Iewell on thee,  
For an Epistle thou mad'st in Latine,  
Thou art a good forward Boy, there's great ioy on thee.

*S.Walt.* O sorrow!

*All.* Heart will nothing comfort him?

If he be so farre gone, 'tis time to moane,  
Here's Pen, and Incke, and Paper, and allthings ready,  
Wil't please your Worship for to make your Will?

*S.Walt.* My Will? Yes, yes, what else? Who writes  
apace now?

*All.* That can your man *Davy* an't like your Worship,  
A faire, fast, legible Hand.

*S.Walt.* Set it downe then:

*In primis*, I bequeath to yonder Witall,  
Three times his weight in Curses,

*All.* How?

*S.Walt.* All Plagues of Body and of Mind,

*All.* Write them not downe *Davy*.

*Davy* It is his Will, I must.

*S.Walt.* Together also,

With such a Sicknesse, ten dayes ere his Death.

*All.* There's a sweet Legacie,  
I am almost choak't with't.

*S.Walt.* Next I bequeath to that foule whore his Wife,

All barrennesse of Ioy, a drouth of Vertue,

And dearth of all repentance: For her end,

The common miserie of an English Strumpet,

In French and Dutch, beholding ere she dyes

Confusion of her Brats before her Eyes,

And neuer shed a teare for it.

Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* Where's the Knight?

*O Sir,* the Gentleman you wounded, is newly departed.

*S.Walt.* Dead? Lift, lift, Who helps me?

*All.* Let the Law lift you now, that must haue all,  
I haue done lifting on you, and my Wife too.

*Serv.* You were best locke your selfe close.

*All.* Not in my House Sir,

I'le harbour no such persons as Men-slayers,  
Locke your selfe where you will.

*S.Walt.* What's this?

*Wife* Why Husband.

*All.* I know what I doe Wife.

*Wife* You cannot tell yet,  
For hauing kild the Man in his defence,  
Neither his Life, nor estate will be touch't Husband.

*All.* Away Wife, heare a Foole, his Lands will hang  
him.

*S.Walt.* Am I deny'd a Chamber?  
What say you forsooth?

*Wife* Alas Sir, I am one that would haue all well,  
But must obey my Husband. Prethee loue  
Let the poore Gentleman stay, being so sore wounded,  
There's a close Chamber at one end of the Garret  
We neuer vsed, let him haue that I prethee.

*All.* We neuer vsed, you forget sicknesse then,  
And Physicketimes: Ist not a plaec for easement?

Enter a Servant.

*S.Walt.* O Death! doe I heare this with part  
Of former life in me? What's the newes now?

*Serv.* Troth worse & worse, you'r like to lose your land.  
If the Law sauе your life Sir, or the Surgeon.

*All.* Harke you there Wife.

62 *A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side.*

*S.Walt.* Why how Sir?

*Sern.* S<sup>r</sup> Oliver Kixes Wife is new quickned,  
That Child vndoes you Sir.

*S.Walt.* All ill at once.

*All.* I wonder what he makes here with his consorts?  
Cannot our House be priuate to our selues,  
But we must haue such Guests? I pray depart Sirs,  
And take your Murtherer along with you,  
Good he were apprehended ere he goe,  
H'as kild some honest Gentleman, send for Officers.

*S.Walt.* I'le soone sauе you that labour.

*All.* I must tell you Sir,  
You haue beene some-what boulder in my House,  
Then I could well like of, I suffred you  
Till it stucke here at my Heart, I tell you truly  
I thought you had beene familiar with my Wife once.

*Wife* With me? I'le see him hang'd first, I defie him,  
And all such Gentlemen in the like extremitie.

*S.Walt.* If euer Eyes were open, these are they,  
Gamsters farewell, I haue nothing left to play. *Exit*

*All.* And therefore get you gone Sir.

*Dany* Of all Wittalles,  
Be thou the Head. Thou the grand whore of Spittles. *Exit*

*All.* So, since he's like now to be rid of all,  
I am right glad, I am so well rid of him.

*Wife* I knew he durst not stay, when you nam'd Officers

*All.* That stop't his Spirits straight,  
What shall we doe now Wife?

*Wife* As we were wont to doe.

*All.* Weare richly furnish't wife, with Houshold-stuffe

*Wife* Let's let out Lodgings then,  
And take a House in the Strand.

*All.* In troth a match Wench:  
We are simply stock't, with Cloath of Tissse Cussions,  
To furnish out bay-windows: Push, what not that's queint  
And costly, from the top to the bottome:  
Life, for Furniture, we may lodge a Countesse:

There's

There's a Cloaſeſtoole of tawny Veluet too,  
Now I thinke on't Wife.

Wife There's that ſhould be Sir,  
Your Nose muſt be in euerie thing.

All. I haue done Wench,  
And let this ſtand in euerie Gallants Chamber,  
There's no Gamſter like a politike ſinner,  
For who e're games, the Box is ſure a winner:

Exit

Enter Yellowhammer, and his Wife.

Maudl. O Husband, husband, ſhe will dye, ſhe will dye  
There is no ſigne but death.

Yell. 'Twill be our shame then.

Maudl. O how ſhe's chang'd in compaſſe of an houre:

Yell. Ah my poore girl! good faith thou wert too cruell  
To dragge her by the Hayre.

Maudl. You would haue done as much Sir,  
To curbe her of her humor.

Yell. 'Tis curb'd sweetly, ſhe catch't her bang o' th' water.

Enter Tim.

Maudl. How now Tim.

Tim. Faith buſie Mother about an Epitaph,  
Vpon my Sisters death.

Maudl. Death! ſhe is not dead I hope?

Tim. No: but ſhe meaneſt to be, and that's as good,  
And when a thing's done, 'tis done,  
You taught me that Mother.

Yell. What is your Tim doing?

Tim. Making one too, in principall pure Latine,  
Cul'd out of *Onid de Trifibus*.

Yell. How does your Sister looke, is ſhe not chang'd?

Tim. Chang'd? Gold into white Money was neuer ſo  
As is my Sisters colour into palencie. (chang'd,

Enter

Enter Moll.

Yell. O here she's brought, see how she looks like death  
 Tim. Lookes she like Death, and ne're a word made yet,  
 I must goe beat my Braines against a Bed-post,  
 And get before my Tutor.

Yell. Speake, how do'st thou?

Moll. I hope I shall be well, for I am as sicke at Heart,  
 As I can be.

Yell. 'Las my poore Girle,  
 The Doctor's making a most soueraine drinke for thee,  
 The worst Ingredience, dissolu'd Pearle and Amber,  
 We spare no cost Girle.

Moll. Your loue comes to late,  
 Yet timely thankes reward it : What is comfort,  
 When the poore Patients Heart is past relieve?  
 It is no Doctors Art can cure my griefe.

Yell. All is cast away then,  
 Prethee looke vpon me cheerfully.

Maudl. Sing but a straine or two, thou wilt not thinke  
 How 'twill reviue thy Spirits : straine with thy fit,  
 Prethee sweet Moll.

Moll. You shall haue my good will Mother.

Maud. Why well said Wench.

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THE SONG.

Weepe Eyes, breake Heart,  
 My Loue and I must part,  
 Cruell Fates, trem-loue doe foonest sever,  
 O, I shall see thee, neuer, neuer, neuer.  
 O happy is the Mayd, whose life takes end,  
 Ere it knowes Parents frowne, or losse of friend.  
 Weepe Eyes, breake Heart,  
 My Loue and I must part.

Enter

Enter Tuckwood Senior with a Letter.

Maudl. O, I could die with Musick: well sung Girle.

Moll. If you call it so, It was.

Tell. She playes the Swan, and sings her selfe to death.

T.S. By your leaue Sir.

Tell. What are you Sir? Or what's your businesse pray?

T.S. I may be now admitted, tho the Brother  
Of him your hate purfude, it spreads no further,  
Your malice sets in death, does it not Sir?

Tell. In Death?

T.S. He's dead: 'twas a deere Loue to him,  
It cost him but his life, that was all Sir:  
He pay'd enough, poore Gentleman, for his Loue.

Tell. There's all our ill remou'd, if she were well now:  
Impute not Sir, his end to any hate  
That sprung from vs, he had a faire wound brought that.

T.S. That helpt him forward, I must needs confess:  
But the restraint of Loue, and your vnkindnesse,  
Those were the wounds, that from his Heart drew Blood,  
But being past helpe, let words forget it too:  
Scarcely three Minutes, ere his Eye-lids clos'd,  
And tooke eternall leaue of this Worlds light,  
He wrot this Letter, which by Oath he bound me,  
To giue to her owne Hands, that's all my businesse.

Tell. You may performe it then, there she sits.

T.S. O with a following looke.

Tell. I trust me Sir, I thinke she'll follow him quickly.

T.S. Here's some Gold,

He wil'd me to distribute faithfully amongst your Seruants.

Tell. 'Las what doth he meane Sir?

T.S. How cheere you Mistris?

Moll. I must learne of you Sir.

T.S. Here's a Letter from a Friend of yours,  
And where that fayles, in satisfaction  
I haue a sad Tongue ready to supply.

Moll. How does he, ere I looke on't?

T.S. Seldome better, h'as a contented health now.

Moll. I am most glad on't.

*Maudl.* Dead Sir?

*Tell.* He is: Now Wife let's but get the Gerle  
Vpon her Legges againe, and to Church rounldy with her.

*Moll.* O sick to Death he telles me:  
How does he after this?

*T.S.* Faith feeles no paine at all, he's dead sweet Mistris.

*Moll.* Peace close mine Eyes.

*Tell.* The Girle, looke to the Girle Wife.

*Maudl.* Moll, Daughter, sweet Girle speake,  
Look but once vp, thou shalt haue all the wishes of thy hart  
That wealth can purchase.

*Tell.* O she's gone for euer, that Letter broake her hart.

*T.S.* As good now then, as let her lye in torment,  
And then breake it.

*Enter Susan.*

*Maudl.* O Susan, she thou louedst so deere, is gone.

*Sus.* O sweet Mayd!

*T.S.* This is she that help't her still,  
I'ue a reward here for thee

*Tell.* Take her in,  
Remoue her from our sight, our shame, and sorrow.

*T.S.* Stay, let me helpe thee, 'tis the last cold kindnesse  
I can performe for my sweet Brothers sake.

*Tell.* All the whole Street will hate vs, and the World  
Point me out cruell: It is our best course Wife,  
After we haue giuen order for the Funerall,  
To absent our selues, till she be layd in ground.

*Maudl.* Where shall we spend that time? (Church,

*Tell.* I'le tell thee where Wench, goe to some priuate  
And marry *Tim* to the rich Brecknocke Gentlewoman.

*Maudl.* Masse a match,  
We'le not loose all at once, some-what we'le catch. *Exit*

*Enter Sir Oliver and Servants.*

*S.Ol.* Ho my Wines quickned, I am a Man for euer,  
I thinke I haue bestur'd my Stumps I faith:  
Run, get your Fellowes altogether instantly,  
Then to the Parish-Church, and ring the Belles.

*Serv.* It shall be done Sir.

*S.Ol.*

S.OI. Vpon my loue I charge you Villaine, that you make a Bon-fier before the Doore at night.

Seru. A Bon-fier Sir?

S.OI. A thwacking one I charge you.

Seru. This is monstrosus.

S.OI. Run, tell a hundred pound out for the Gentleman That gaue my Wife the Drinke, the first thing you doe.

Seru. A hundred pounds Sir?

S.OI. A bargaine, as our ioyes growes, We must remember still from whence it flowes, Or else we proue vngratefull multiplierys: The Child is comming, and the Land comes after, The newes of this will make a poore S<sup>r</sup> Walter. I haue strooke it home I faith.

Seru. That you haue marry Sir.

But will not your Worship goe to the Funerall Of both these Louers?

S.OI. Both, goe both together?

Seru. I Sir, the Gentlemans Brother will haue it so, 'Twill be the pittifullest sight, there's such running, Such rumours, and such throngs, a paire of Louers Had neuer more spectators, more Mens pitties, Or Womens wet Eyes.

S.OI. My Wife helps the number then?

Seru. There's such drawing out of Handkerchers, And those that haue no Handkerchers, lift vp Aprons.

S.OI. Her Parents may haue ioyfull Hearts at this, I would not haue my crueltie so talk't on, To any Child of mine, for a Monopoly.

Seru. I beleue you Sir.

'Tis cast so too, that both their Coffins meet, Which will be lamentable.

S.OI. Come, we'll see't.

Exit

Recorders dolefully playing: Enter at one Doore the Coffin of the Gentleman, solemnly deck't, his Sword upon it, attended by many in Blacke, his Brother being the chiefe Mourner: At the other Doore, the Coffin of the Virgin, with a Garland of Flowres, with Epitaphes px'd on't,

attended by Mayds and Women: Then set them downe  
one right over-against the other, while all the Company  
seeme to weepe and mourne, there is a sad Song in the  
Musicke-Room.

T.S. Neuer could Death boast of a richer prize  
From the first Parent, let the World bring forth  
A paire of truer Hearts, to speake but truth  
Of this departed Gentleman, in a Brother,  
Might by hard censure, be call'd flatterie,  
Which makes me rather, silent in his right,  
Then so to be deliu'r'd to the thoughts,  
Of any enuious hearer, staru'd in vertue,  
And therefore pining to heare others thriue.  
But for this Mayd, whom Enuy cannot hurt  
With all her Poysons, hauing left to Ages,  
The true, chaste Monument of her liuing name,  
Which no time can deface, I say of her  
The full truth fricely, without feare of censure  
What Nature could there shine, that might redeeme  
Perfection home to Woman, but in her  
Was fully glorious, bewtie set in goodnessse  
Speakes what she was, that Jewell so infixt,  
There was no want of any thing of life,  
To make these vertuous presidents, Man and Wife.

All. Great pittie of their deathes.

All. Ne're more pittie.

Lady It makes a hundred weeping Eyes, sweet Gossip.

T.S. I cannot thinke, there's any one amongst you,  
In this full faire assembly, Mayd, Man; or Wife,  
Whose Heart would not haue sprung with ioy & gladnesse  
To haue seene their marriage day?

All. It would haue made a thousand ioyfull Hearts.

T.S. Up then a pace, and take your fortunes,  
Make these ioyfull Hearts, here's none but Friends.

All. Aliue Sir? ô sweet deere Couple.

T.S. Nay, do not hinder 'em now, stand from about 'em,  
If she be caught againe, and haue this time,  
I'le ne're plot further for 'em, nor this honest chambermaid

That

That helpt all at a push.

T.S. Good Sir a pace.

Parf. Hands ioyne now, but Hearts for euer,  
Which no Parents mood shall sever.  
You shall forsake all Widowes, Wiues, and Mayds :  
You, Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, and Men of Trades :  
And if in hast, any Article misses,  
Goe inter-line it with a brace of kisses.

T.S. Here's a thing trould nimblly. Giue you ioy brother  
Were't not better thou should'st haue her,  
Then the Mayd should dye?

Wife To you sweet Mistris Bride.

All Ioy, ioy to you both.

T.S. Here be your Wedding Sheets you brought along  
with you, you may both goe to Bed when you please too.

T.I. My ioy wants vtterance.

T.S. Utter all at night then Brother.

Moll. I am silent with delight.

T.S. Sister, delight will silence any Woman,  
But you'le find your Tongue againe, among Mayd Servaunts,  
Now you keepe House, Sister.

All Neuer was houre, so fild with ioy and wonder.

T.S. To tell you the full storie of this Chamber-Mayd,  
And of her kindnesse in this businesse to vs,  
'Twould aske an hours discourse : In briefe 'twas she,  
That wrought it to this purpose cunningly.

All We shall all loue her for't.

Enter Yellow-hammer, and his Wife.

All. See who comes here now.

T.S. A storne, a storne, but we are sheltred for it.

Yell. I will preuent you all, and mocke you thus,  
You, and your expectations, I stand happy,  
Both in your liues, and your Hearts combination.

T.S. Here's a strange day againe.

Yell. The Knights prou'd Villaine,  
Al's come out now, his Neece an arrant Baggage,  
My poore Boy Tim, is cast away this morning,

Euen before Breakefast : Married a Whore  
Next to his Heart.

*All A Whore?*

*Tell.* His Neece forsooth.

*Allw.* I think we rid our Hands in good time of him.

*Wife* I knew he was past the best, when I gaue him ouer.

What is become of him pray Sir?

*Tell.* Who the Knight? he lies i'th' Knights ward now.  
Your Belly Lady begins to blossom, ther's no peace for him  
His Creditors are so greedy.

*S.OI.* Mr Tuchwood, hear'st thou this newes?

I am so indeer'd to thee for my Wiues fruitfulness,  
That I charge you both, your Wife and thee,  
To live no more asunder for the Worlds frownes,  
I haue Purse, and Bed, and Bord for you :  
Be not afraid to goe to your busynesse rounedly,  
Get Children, and I'le keepe them.

*T.S.* Say you so Sir?

*S.OI.* Proue me, with three at a birth, & thou dar'st now.

*T.S.* Take heed how you dare a Man, while you live Sir  
That has good skill at his Weapon.

*Enter Tim and Welch Gentlewoman.*

*S.OI.* 'Foot, I dare you Sir.

*Tell.* Looke Gentlemen, if euer you say the picture  
Of the vnfortunate Marriage, yonder 'tis.

*W.G.* Nay good sweet *Tim*.

*Tim.* Come from the Vniuersitie,  
To marry a Whore in London, with my Tutor too?

*O Tempora! O Mors!*

*Tim.* Prethee *Tim* be pacient.

*Tim.* I bought a Iade at Cambridge,  
I'le let her out to execution Tutor,  
For eightene pence a day, or Brainford Horse-races,  
She'le serue to carrie seuen Miles out of Towne well.  
Where be these Mountaines? I was promis'd Mountaines,  
But there's such a Mist, I can see none of 'em.  
What are become of those two thousand Runts?

Let's

Let's haue about with them in the meane time.  
A Vengeance Runthee.

*Maudl.* Good sweet *Tim* haue patience.

*Tim* *FloEBere si negru Superos Acheronta monrbo, mother*

*Maudl.* I thinke you haue maried her in Logicke *Tim*.  
You told me once, by Logicke you would proue  
A Whore, an honest Woman, proue her so *Tim*  
And take her for thy labour.

*Tim.* Troth I thanke you.

I grant you I may proue another Mans Wife so,  
But not mine owne.

*Maudl.* There's no remedy now *Tim*,  
You must proue her so as well as you may.

*Tim.* Why then may Tutor and I will about her,  
As well as we can.

*Uxor non est Meritrix, ergo falacis.*

*W.G.* Sir if your Logicke cannot proue me honest,  
There's a thing call'd Marriage, and that makes me honest..

*Maudl.* O there's a tricke beyond your Logicke *Tim*.

*Tim.* I perceiue then a Woman may be honest according  
to the English Print, when she is a Whore in the Latine.  
So much for Marriage and Logicke. I'le loue her for her  
Wit, I'le picke out my Runts there : And for my Moun-  
taines, I'le mount vpon —

*Tell.* So Fortune seldome deales two Marriages  
With one Hand, and both lucky : The best is,  
One Feast will serue them both : Marry for roome,  
I'le haue the Dinner kept in Gold-Smithes-Hall,  
To which kind Gallants, I invite you all.

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*FINIS.*

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